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WILL THE COMING MAN BE AN INFIDEL?

THE history of heresy is at once the most amusing and most saddening of studies. Before the student of this strange record, there passes a grotesque procession of the silliest and absurdest vagaries of the human mind. This procession starts with the first age of Christianity, and it will end only with the last. Let us look at it awhile. At its head stalks Simon Magus, proclaiming himself the Creator of the World, who has been forced to relinquish his heavenly throne in search of a lost egg that contains the germ of a new creation. In his wake follows his disciple Meander, who assures us that his Master Simon is the Creator, and himself the Redeemer of men. After these come Cerinthus, Ebion, and Nicolas, blaspheming Christ and worshipping Satan. The next in line is a strange-looking being, Carpocrates, who is vigorously swinging a censer before images of Plato, Aristotle, and Christ. He is accompanied by a crowd of Gnostics, babbling about their three hundred and sixty-nine gods, one of whom is Christ. Marcion contradicts these and preaches the existence of two Gods, one infinitely good, the other infinitely evil. Behind him walks Severus, endeavoring to convince us that woman was created by the Devil. Now comes a chariot in which Montanus is seated. His followers are adoring him as the Holy Ghost. The chariot is followed by the Adamites, who, in imitation of Adam, walk in a state of nudity. They precede the Ophites, who are worshipping a serpent, as an emblem of Christ, who, they say, tempted Eve, under the form of a viper. The Sethians are striving to correct this impression, by proving that Christ was Seth, the third son of Adam. The Cainites are adoring Cain, Dathan, Judas Iscariot, and other wretched sinners, and are preaching the doctrine that the shortest road to heaven is by the commission of the worst crimes. Next we note some woebegone Apostolicals, proclaiming the sin-

fulness of possessing the smallest amount of money or goods.

The next division leads off with the Manichees, who pick their steps very carefully, lest they tread upon any flower or shrub, for they believe that Christ is invisibly crucified on every blade of grass. Arius follows with an immense band blaspheming the Eternal Word. After these comes Eustathius, with a few old bachelors, preaching that no married man or woman will ever see the kingdom of God. He is followed by the Messalians, snapping their fingers and performing a dance which, they say, infuriates Satan. The rank is closed by the Discalceati, walking barefooted and calling on all shoemakers to be converted from the evil of their ways. Then come those gloomy fanatics, the Western Manichees, sprinkled with the ashes of the infant they burned in their last nocturnal conventicle. Behind them rush the Iconoclasts, shivering into atoms every sacred image they can lay hands on. Next straggle a disorderly mob of fanatics, preaching every absurdity and counselling every crime. Among them is Eudo de Stella, announcing himself the Judge of the living and the dead; near him are the Stadinghi adoring Satan, and the Flagellants baptizing themselves with the blood that oozes from their self-inflicted wounds. The succeeding party is composed of Lollards, accusing God of injustice because he banished Lucifer from heaven; and of the followers of Martin Gonsalvo, who believes that he is the cousin of St. Michael, and that he (Martin) will one day engage in single combat with Antichrist, whom he will vanquish with one blow of the cross. Martin's friends style him the only begotten Son of God.

The last division begins with John Wickliffe, John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, who are inciting their followers to resist the civil and religious authorities because these may be in a state of sin. This party is followed by Luther, foaming with rage against the Sacramentarians, who are in turn cursing and contradicting him. Next come the Anabaptists, surrounding the cart in which they have enthroned John Blockhold, and his sixteen wives, and saluting John with the cry: "Hail to the King of Justice!" The Baptists follow, carrying their tank for immersion. Calvin walks stern and silent in the company of the Genevan magistracy, who cower before him. He is thinking of the preparation making for the execution of Servetus. Socinus follows, smiling in pity at Protestants wrangling over grace, faith in Christ, predestination and good works. Next come the Quakers, surrounding the mule on which Taylor is mounted, and shouting "Hosannah to the Son of David!" John Wesley, moved by the Spirit, is next borne along, in company with Swedenborg rapt to the third heaven. They are followed by the Shakers, executing their solemn waltz, under the sharp eye of Mother Ann Lee, who they say is as far superior to Christ as He was to Moses. The Mormons and Millerites bring up the rear of this most remarkable of processions.

This is the ridiculous side of heresy. It has also its terrible and sorrowful features. But we are

concerned with it only as it is a warning and an instruction. The exhibition which we have just witnessed, shows us clearly that the direct result of heresy is to darken the intellect, and to debase the whole nature of man. We can scarcely believe that men gifted with the light of reason may fall into the grossest errors. True, Cicero says that no opinion however nonsensical, has ever lacked the support of philosophers. But that men professedly under Scriptural guidance and enlightenment, can sink to the lowest depths of moral and intellectual degradation, is a startling revelation of human weakness and depravity. This fact, however, demonstrates the impossibility of ascertaining the truths of eternal life, independently of their divinely appointed teacher and guardian. It triumphantly refutes the assertion that "an infallible church is not an essential of Christianity." It shows that had not Christ established such a Church, he would have given us his doctrines and laws in vain.

Another truth, which the history of heresy discloses, is that the character of a heresy is very much influenced by the habits, thoughts, and character of the people who are so unfortunate as to accept it. Giving full credit to the diabolical and political agencies by which most heresies have been introduced into nations once blessed with the faith, it cannot be denied that heresy often finds the minds of a people prepared to harbor it. Some heresies find a more congenial soil in one country than in another. Some are confined to one land; others to one class; others to one or two professions in a particular country. It is a singular fact that those heresies which regard the two natures and one person in our Divine Lord, and in which subtle theological questions are involved, have been confined almost exclusively to the East; whilst the West has produced those heresies that strike directly at power and authority, both in the civil and ecclesiastical order. This diversity of heresies marks the difference between the dreamy, speculative, and novelty-loving Oriental mind and the turbulent, violent, and active Western nature. All the fantastic doctrines of the Gnostics, Manichees, and Valentinians, the worship of Satan and of serpents, originated in the East, the land of mystic traditions and strange mythologies. Hence we conclude that men once thrown off from the centre of Catholic truth will fall into those beliefs and errors that are most congenial to their tastes, passions, and habits of thought.

We have entered thus fully upon the question of heresy and its tendencies, with a view to determine the particular heresy or error that threatens this country. It is admitted on all sides that Protestantism is losing day by day its slight hold on the people. As a nation we have no religion. The sects have no influence on the national life or the national thought. The preachers do not influence even those that attend their churches, for no attempt is made to conceal the fact that the minister must preach to please those in his congregation on whom the payment of his salary depends. No sincere reflecting man will long assist at such mockery. Indeed, the

intelligent and really pious American attends no place of worship, preferring to pray and read his Bible at home. Such men, however, are rare, and their piety and sincerity produce little or no impression on a community that regard religious questions with apathy and indifference.

Enough of the moral sentiment remains, however, in the people to withstand the direct and open advances of the grosser forms of infidelity. The blasphemy and scurrility of French and German atheism will never receive the countenance or approval of this nation. But what exposes our country to infidelity is its peculiar weakness to receive latitudinarian principles. The spirit of the national institutions fosters the utmost freedom of discussion on all subjects, sacred as well as profane. A bold criticism is encouraged. The irreverent handling of sacred things is not deemed sacrilegious. Literature and the press recognize no censorship, and control instead of obeying sound public opinion. The Protestant pulpit has ceased to be a power.

The enemies of revealed truth have here a fine field. With that marvellous insight into national character, which such men appear to possess naturally, they are suiting themselves to the popular feeling and thought, and introducing infidelity amongst us, under a disguise which the people do not penetrate. These men curse the squeamishness which America shows in retaining any vestige of Christianity; but too shrewd to assail religion openly, they accommodate themselves to the "weakness." A century ago, when religion was scoffed at, and when it was considered an infallible mark of a boor to secretly practice or openly conform to any creed, jests, sarcasms, and invective were the weapons which infidelity employed against religion. Voltaire's keen wit injured religion more than tomes of philosophy, simply because wit, at that time, was an unfailing weapon in the controversies and disputes of the period. But in this day and country, that mode of warfare is no longer effective. A new plan must be tried, and this plan, as set forth by a leading infidel, is "to lead America into full intellectual and moral freedom by the pathway of science and the teachings of a philosophy which regards man, not as a dwarf, but as a giant in intellect; a philosophy that teaches the progressiveness of the human mind; a philosophy which is suited for a nation destined to lead the world in the march of science, government, and law."

Considering the pride of this country, her susceptibility to flattery, her want of religion, and her partiality to any movement which has for a motto "liberty and independence," the infidel plan bids fair to succeed. It apparently does not affect religion. No mention is made of Christianity. No reference is made to sect or party. But in reality this plan is infidelity, for the philosophy which it preaches logically ends in the rejection of all mysteries. It overturns all that is supernatural and divine. It dethrones Christ, for it regards him only as the ideal man, the type and exemplar of that perfect humanity which this philosophy is destined to form.

It teaches that a future of infi-

nite progress lies before every science. The human mind in its pursuit of knowledge is circumscribed by no limits, impeded by no insurmountable barrier. Sciences now in their infancy will, in course of time, expand to gigantic dimensions. The mysteries presented by the phenomena of nature will one day be revealed, and what are now deemed impenetrable arcana will yet be illumed. Nor will the human mind rest as at its bourne, at the elucidation of what may be termed natural mysteries. New and startling discoveries in the realms of physical science will not satisfy the infinitely progressive soul, but in the lapse of centuries, mind will have acquired such acumen and cultivation, that it will unveil the mysteries that infold the Deity. The awful obscurity that enshrouds the Being of God, his attributes, his internal and external operations, will be lit up by the torch of science, and each wretched mortal will be enabled to understand clearly and perfectly these tremendous mysteries.

This is the "philosophy" by which America is to be freed. The grandiloquent terms in which it is described, almost prevent us from seeing the contradiction on which it is based. A moment's reflection, however, suffices to show its absurdity. So far from fully "comprehending the Infinite," we are unable to decide on the character of the simplest operations of nature. The physician cannot explain the process by which our food is converted into blood. The most skilful farmer is at a loss to account for the growth of a tree from a seed. The wisest philosophers and chemists are hopelessly puzzled over the question of the elements of matter. The astronomer cannot define the nature of the law by which the planetary system is so admirably governed. Yet each of these difficulties has called forth the powers of thoughtful and gifted men in every age and country, and, though they have examined, discussed and sifted each point, in every imaginable way, no progress from the original point of inquiry is made. Surely, perceptible progress should have been made in these and kindred "mysteries," if the mind be "infinitely progressive."

But granted that the Coming Man will distance his predecessors and discover secrets which have escaped other inquirers. Suppose him a man before whom all nature is an open book; to whom the multitudinous laws of vegetable, animal and spiritual life are plain, yet there is a point beyond which he may not step, a limit on which is written: "Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther." Above and beyond nature is the supernatural; above the limited and finite, the illimitable and infinite; beyond the creature is the Creator. Compared with the mysteries of the supernatural, the arcana of the visible world are clear as noon. The deepest and hardest problems given us by nature are patent if we contrast them with the insearchable secrets symbolized by the words Creation, Redemption, Infinity. The finite cannot exhaust the Infinite, and so the human mind can never sound the depths of mystery surrounding God. Thus is the rationalistic opinion shown to be a mere chim-

era, and the proud boast of reason her own condemnation.

This philosophy appears in that excessive laudation of science, which we daily see in hundreds of American newspapers. The greatest stress is laid upon the importance of science. Scientific progress is made the great test of a nation's influence and worth. Catholic lands are represented as devoid of the appliance of art and science, and the dearth is ascribed to the paralyzing influence of the Roman faith. This exaggeration of the importance and use of science suggests to the American mind the question: Does Protestantism, Christianity, Religion, encourage science in a manner proportionate to its importance? Is my creed prepared to stand the tests of geology, philology, philosophy? Perhaps my faith, like that of the Romanists, is behind the times, is becoming effete, is, in fact, an exploded theory. I must examine it by the light of science and reason. To bring the American mind to this point of inquiry is the end and aim of infidelity in this country, since it is fully aware of the fact that if Protestantism be subjected to the crucible of rational investigation, it cannot stand the test. Popery is supposed to be hated so bitterly by the American people, that they will never dream of embracing it. Everything, therefore, foretells the triumph of Infidelity. The Coming Man will be an infidel.

It is a noteworthy characteristic of the new philosophy that it devotes all its energies to the perfecting of only two sciences—philology and geology. Why these should receive the largest share of attention, to the neglect of other equally important sciences, is a question which the philosophers do not condescend to answer. The truth is, both these sciences are supposed to deal a death-blow to the Scriptures, and if the Bible is shown to be a book of pious tales, fables, and allegories, Protestantism, which depends helplessly upon it, will of course fall. We should naturally expect that the best vindicators of the Scriptures should come from Protestantism, but, on the contrary, the word of God has suffered more at the hands of its professed friends than from its open enemies. Not to speak of the numerous and utterly unwarranted changes and translations of texts, in order to make them favor some view of a sect, or serve as an argument against Romanism, Protestantism has capriciously condemned whole books of Scripture as apocryphal, which bear as evident marks of inspiration as books received as canonical. Besides, Protestantism helps the new philosophy by securing to every man the perfect freedom of his judgment. It cannot logically condemn a man for discovering in the Scriptures that Christ was only a great thinker, and an eminent scientist; that Adam, Eve, Paradise, and the Serpent are figures in a beautiful allegory; that hell is a myth, and mysteries and miracles evidences of the infancy of science.

Philology and rationalistic criticism find an ally in geology. The shallow boasting of modern science has deluded countless men into the belief that the Mosaic account of creation is wholly irreconcilable with the discoveries of geology. In the first place geology has not

clearly established its fundamental principle that the earth has been cycles of ages in process of formation, and until it takes this settled form all the arguments advanced by it must necessarily bear a merely hypothetical character. Indeed, so far from possessing any fixed and universally received principles, geology is only a collection of theories which attempt to explain creation. Cuvier and Lyell, once considered the oracles of geology, are now universally abandoned, and the present form of the science is undergoing a thorough transformation. Granting all its claims, however, and leaving unquestioned the flimsy foundation on which it rests, Catholic philosophy shows that there is no expression in Genesis which contradicts the legitimate conclusions of true science.

There is but one way of averting the threatened ruin. Let America enter that church which is at once the teacher of true religion, the guardian of all true liberty, and the upholder of the dignity of human nature. The Catholic Church, by teaching that there can be no contradiction between God's revelation and the dispassionate and unprejudiced teachings of the human intellect, that faith and science, flowing from the same divine source, blend in beautiful concord, elevates the human mind far higher than that irreligious philosophy which insults our understanding by proposing to it as truths manifest contradictions and falsehoods. If America turns a deaf ear to the warnings of the Church, and persists in following the false lights of infidelity, the torch of science will fall from her hand, and leave her in darkness worse than that which broods over Pagan and Mahometan lands.

HUMILITY TRUE GREATNESS.

Dost thou demand a test,
A test, at once infallible and short,
Of real greatness? That man greatly lives,
Whate'er his fate, or fame, who greatly dies;
High flush'd with hope, where heroes shall despair,
If this a true criterion, many courts,
Illustrious, might afford but few grandees.
Th' Almighty, from His throne, on earth surveys
Nought greater than an honest, humble heart;
An humble heart his residence! pronounced
His second seat, and rival to the skies.
The private path, the secret acts of men,
If noble, far the noblest of our lives!

A NOBLE LADY.

Chapter I.

"Death is the real mirror of life," says a grand Christian of the seventeenth century; and these words are still true, even when the shadow of death hinders the survivors from discerning their whole ground of hope. But when this shadow is scattered, and nothing clouds the dread and truthful mirror of the last hour—when God permits us to behold the soul of a friend reflected therein, himself, and yet more than himself—the same as when we loved him in life, yet already transfigured by the forerunning brightness of a better world—when exceptional and terrible sufferings only serve to bring out what he has been throughout the length of a happy life—then, instead of suffering the anguish of a mournful farewell, the heart bounds with the hope of eternal reward, and joyfully acknowledges yet once again that the love of God is not only Heaven itself, but that in this world too His love softens the bitterest grief, and transfigures even death in its hour.

It was in this way that Adelaide Capece Minutolo, of the illustrious house of the princes of Canosa, ended her life at Naples the beginning of the year 1869. A noble life, whose Christian simplicity bore the germ of her heroic death, and bequeathed to those who stood by her deathbed feelings of consolation which no words can convey. What served to comfort them will also instruct us; what added to their fortitude will strengthen our weakness; and as after battle it is thought well to inspire courage by speaking of those who fought valiantly, so in the battle of life, which we all must wage, it is a good and wholesome thing to watch how brave souls bear themselves; the more specially if they do not belong to those chosen ranks who lead the van, and whose deeds we would fain persuade ourselves are only examples for the few, but are among those who have fought and conquered with ourselves, have mingled with the crowd, and marched in the field at our side.

Adelaide's lot in life was not an extraordinary one, and yet it was remarkable on one account, which was, that she chose out her own path of happiness, and walked in it according to that choice; whereas it tended in neither of the two directions which in general, and especially in Italy, are the only roads open to women—she did not become a nun, and she never married.

At the opening of her young life, her father's death having brought about some reverse of fortune, she had been early trained to thoughtfulness and self-restraint, to bear with cheerful courage the deprivation of the pleasures of her age, and to preserve an equal mind amid those changes which merely affect the outward aspect of life. I shall not dwell, moreover, upon a period when Adelaide was in nowise distinguished from her sisters Pauline and Clotilde. During the early years of their lives she was exactly

what they were—brave, happy in the perfect union that reigned between themselves, and in the passionate love they showed for their mother,* whose devotedness, capacity, and indomitable energy, seconded by the eagerness with which the sacrifices she required were accepted by her children, succeeded finally in recovering their fortunes. After many years of retirement, her daughters were just about to reappear in the world and assume the position suitable to their birth, when the one great sorrow of her life struck Adelaide to the ground. After a last voyage to Andalusia to settle her children's affairs, the Marchioness de Minutolo was attacked by a rapid and dangerous illness, to which she fell a victim in a few days; and her daughters, who had gone with her, returned to Naples orphans.

This frightful blow, coming at the same moment with the final arrangement of their affairs, left them entirely, though sorrowfully, free; and it was then that Adelaide took that line which was so significative of her whole character.

Pauline, the eldest sister, had just accepted an offer of marriage from Francis del Balso, the Marquis de la Sonora.

And in like manner Adelaide, if she had wished it, could easily have married suitably to her station; but at this juncture she calmly looked life in the face, and examined herself as to the conditions under which she could secure happiness. She perceived, therefore, distinctly, that, as far as she was concerned, happiness must comprise peace; the sympathetic union of two hearts and minds, with such a conformity of tastes and equality of wills as should enable her to walk in a course which, without being exceptional, should constantly tend upwards and towards God. She discerned also that, instead of seeking such an ideal in the doubtful realization of marriage, and the keener joys and splendors of the world, she possessed its elements at home, and required nothing more.

Clotilde, her youngest sister, was bound to her by that similarity of tastes which fulfilled all her conditions of happiness: the sisters therefore mutually resolved to seek nothing further than to live together, determining, with one accord, not to marry, and never to separate from each other while they lived. Opportunities of changing her mind were offered to Adelaide some time afterwards, under circumstances which might both have touched her heart and dazzled her pride; but nothing ever induced her to waver, nor did either of them ever feel a regret, or doubt the wisdom of their choice, till, at the end of eight-and-twenty years, death dissolved their union.

Before the sisters could settle their life according to their plan, it was necessary to undergo some struggles; for neither in Italy nor in France is there any place reserved in the world—in the "great world," above all—for unmarried women. When it so happens that the daughter of a family receives no suitable offer, and death deprives her of her natural protectors, it is necessary for her to find some other;

* Mathilde de Galvez, Marchioness of Capece Minutolo, daughter of Bernard, first Count de Galvez, Viceroy of Mexico in 1785, niece and heiress to the Marquis de la Sonora, Indian Minister under Charles III.

and in return for that countenance which she is not allowed to be without, she is obliged sometimes to accept conditions hard enough to justify in some measure the general aversion to old maids. To them time neither brings freedom nor even loosens the shackles forged to protect their youth, but which equally fetter them in advanced life.

This was the antique custom of society from which Adelaide strove to escape by "founding the institution of Old Maids at Naples." She did this in fact, and succeeded in obtaining the independence she sought for herself and her sister. They first settled in Naples, and afterwards at Posilippo, in a villa whose enchanting position engraves it upon the memory of all who are acquainted with the Bay of Naples. In 1818 this villa, which stands upon one of the promontories of the Strada Nuova, was given by Ferdinand I to the Margravine of Anspach, then living at Naples, and who had built upon this tongue of land a kind of pavilion resembling a small Greek temple, which stood in a garden running down to the sea, and which, backed by trees and surrounded by flowers, formed a pretty object either from the sea or land, and still figures in every view of the Bay of Naples drawn from 1818 to 1851. In the latter year, Mr. Keppel Craven, the son and heir of the Margravine, bequeathed the pavilion and garden to the two sisters Minutolo, to whom he had been a most faithful and constant friend. When they had remodelled the little temple, it lost its primitive character; but they made it into a convenient and graceful dwelling, which now became their only place of abode; where for many years they spent a peaceful and occupied life, and where they fulfilled their dream of happiness, which was to be bought, like every best earthly gift, by the voluntary and full sacrifice of some earthly joys.

There is no doubt that this kind of happiness did not appear enviable to every one; and among the numerous friends who for many years visited them in retirement, there would doubtless be some joyous and much-loved wife, some proud and fond mother, and especially more than one frivolous companion, who would declare that they could not endure to spend their days and grow old in such a way of life. But this impression was still somewhat a rare one. It is not often that perfect happiness is found in this world, and when we find it, both the heart and eye recognize it and enjoy its repose. How many times have we ourselves not so rested in that spot, where religion, friendship, art, and literary pursuits all seemed to have met together, framed, as it were, by the most glorious natural scenery, and where the soul and heart, the understanding and the eye, were alike satisfied! Without wounding the vanity of one who lived for and in her, we may say that Adelaide was the centre of that circle; that not only were her talents remarkable, but her mind, like her character, had somewhat of that manly strain which had perhaps come down to her through her mother's Spanish blood. In this way, together with wonderful sweetness, great simplicity, and match-

less tenderness of character, she not only possessed a masculine courage—which, alas, was afterwards put to the test—but she had a singular aptitude for such studies and knowledge as occupy men, and in which they only in general excel. On this account, besides admirably directing the education of her niece, she also conducted that of her nephew—children whom she so affectionately loved, and by whom her love was so cordially returned, that a vivid and tender shadow of those joys of motherhood she had renounced was added to the other interests with which she wisely preferred to occupy her life.

In this way nearly fifteen years glided on of regular and well-ordered existence, in which family ties, friendship, and society had each their place, but whose larger portion was reserved for seclusion and work. The villa was near enough to Naples to allow of visiting the sisters with ease, and every once or twice a week the chief part of the Neapolitan world—then the most brilliant society to be met with in Italy—gathered about them. On other days their doors were closed. Their time then was spent in painting, study, music—for which both sisters had a gift such as amateurs rarely possess, not only playing well, but composing music; and to these must be added—or rather, above the exercise of all these talents came the many good works which they carried on unostentatiously about them, and among which was one specially dear to Adelaide. This was teaching a class of poor little boys, on whom—as we shall by and by find—she lavished a store of Christian charity and knowledge. At that time she had little leisure even for her most intimate friends; but her boys were never sent away, and their days were dearer to her than those when she was surrounded by company. Still, to judge entirely of Adelaide, it would not have been enough to see her only at work; it was necessary to watch her and listen to her in society. Her mind, as I have said, was singularly quick, penetrating, and apt of comprehension. She was also gifted with a fine imagination, and possessed in an eminent degree that promptness and quicksightedness which are Neapolitan characteristics. But what may be called her ruling quality was a kindliness which seemed to make her noble powers subserve her faculty of drawing out the good that lay in others, or in turning them to good. This quality, to tell the truth, did not quite please everybody; for, according to the ideas of many people, it makes conversation insipid if you do not speak against your neighbor. Others called it *optimism;* and some again said, that without evil-speaking conversation was robbed of its chief flavor, and was merely frivolous talk. Still there were many not unworthy of this dear woman, who found delight in the calm circle she gathered around her, and much greater pleasure in those days which were reserved for special friends, and spent in sweet and unreserved intercourse.

Ah, it was sweet indeed to talk to Adelaide, sitting on that lovely terrace which commanded the whole view of the bay—with Naples, Vesuvius, and the mountains

behind them on the left; in front, the hills above Castellamare and Sorrento, whose grand and graceful line trends away to the horizon on the other side; above our heads the splendid sky, and below us the calm and sapphire sea. When the garden gates were shut, it seemed as if the world and men were alike banished; our conversation slid easily into more unreserved topics, and Adelaide's sunny disposition did not hinder her from being also grave. At those moments real thoughts, such as one does not interchange in society, fell easily from her lips, and were communicated without difficulty to others. Such conversations remain stamped upon the memory.

I pause here for a moment to verify my recollection of one of them, and to picture Adelaide to the eye and ear, where I shall never again behold her image, nor ever be present myself.

Chapter II.

I am going back to about the year 1854, when Adelaide's life seemed to me especially privileged and happy. I had myself enjoyed, beyond what is given to most people, the happiness of sisterly friendship; but it had been followed by great sorrows, which were then still recent, and the dear but acute remembrance of the past was often the subject of our conversation. Adelaide had known and loved all those for whose loss my tears still flowed; and while she pitied me, I envied her, for neither death nor absence had ever divided her from the two sisters whom she so loved. One of them lived with her always, a part of her very life; and the other not only came every day to see her, but brought her two children, who well deserved the tender love lavished upon them. Her life, therefore, was gifted with complete family union, added to a power of enjoyment not stripped of the brightness of youth at an age when, for the greater number, youth is already a dream of the past.

"Yes, my poor friends, but when the day of separation comes?" This thought was often before me; and on this day it led me to put the following question:

"When you think of death, how do you feel?"

She replied: "Death! but there is no such thing."

Was this indeed optimism carried to absurdity, or was it a sublime truth? The following explanation will make it clear.

"Look you," she added; "I am now feeling, praying, loving, and understanding. This is the sum of my life, and will be so to the end; then it will change, and become better, but not broken short. I, my very self, shall still go on feeling, praying, loving, and understanding. This is certainly a change in my life, but not an interruption of the life. What, then, does death mean?"

"But the suffering one may have to go through before life is ended?"

She made an Italian gesture which expresses that a thing is not worth mentioning; then she said:

"We can suffer a great deal, if we do not spend time in thinking about what we are suffering, as long as this is possible; when it becomes too difficult, God helps us, and then we can bear anything."

This is a noble way of looking

at the best side of suffering and death; and the words would be beautiful even in themselves, and as nothing more. But they have a far deeper signification when we find the speaker afterwards practicing her brave religious theory, and proving its sincerity by her heroic patience.

"He who does not suffer in his will, does not suffer at all," is the admirable saying of Fénelon; and this is the blessed "seed of Heaven in purgatory," transforming even the sufferings of those "who are happy in the fire,"* which, in this world, works the same change in souls whose will is wholly united to God's will. Such was, if I may so call it, the *predominant coloring* of Adelaide's piety, and the special form that Christian virtue took in her, which may also be termed the most perfect of all. Her will was never separated from the will of God, and it was her personal love for Him which operated in her soul this perfect act of her will.

Although my memory may serve me faithfully as to the past, it might possibly be doubted whether I have rendered the foregoing conversation word for word. It will be well therefore to make some extracts from Adelaide's letters, which give a better idea of her ideas and her mind than anything I could say. I think I shall be forgiven if I go back a little, and thus take in more of these extracts, and so get a fairer idea of the charm and richness of thought which they unveil.

The letters written to her niece, who was also her god-daughter,* seem to me not only to inspire admiration for the writer, but also for the child of sixteen who was worthy to receive them.

"Posilippo, Nov. 24, 1854.

"My dear Child: I must write to you, I must write to you, I must write to you! Now, according to Father Borghi, a word three times repeated has an incalculable power; therefore my thrice-repeated '*I must*' ought not to remain barren. '*Amen, Amen, Amen, dico vobis.*' I shall write in spite of my visitors, in spite of lessons, in spite of my —I was about to say *in spite of our Lord;* but that would not sound well, and I must express it in other words. It is this: in spite of my dear picture of our Lord, in which I am wonderfully wrapt up just now. I never did a picture which interested me more; every stroke of the brush, every line of the features, seems an act of love which brings me nearer to my sweet Jesus. Ah, how I love that look, that comforting smile, the self-forgetfulness of that dear Face, and the Hand which I have placed upon His sacred Heart! Ah, would that I could place mine there also! I think if I held it there, I should never offend Him again, that I might become a second St. Theresa! And then, away from Him, O, how cold one becomes! how easy it is to be drawn away, to slip, and even to sin! There, my dear Pussy, that is my mood while I am writing; but who knows what it may be an hour hence?

* "Che son contenti nel fuoco." Dante, *Inferno*, c. ii.

* Adelina del Balzo, married in 1867 to the Count di Melissa, eldest son of Prince Tignatelli Stronzolli.

"Adelinette, I love you; and when I chat with you, I do it from the depths of my heart, which is open to you as it is to no one else.

"This is my yesterday's, or rather *to-day's* letter, the 25th. In truth, to-day I am in a quite contrary, or at least altogether different mood. The Count of Syracuse has been here. He paid us a long visit, and was kind enough to say, that as he had not seen us for a long time, he came to find us out, and see how we were. No prince royal could frame a politer phrase. And accordingly we were much flattered; and my present frame of mind is *satisfied self-love.* You see how different it is from my mood of yesterday."

"Posilippo, Dec. 27.

"To-day I have thought of you, Pussy, all day. If you only knew how pleasant it is to us to share with you any pleasant reading, or whatever it may be that is beautiful, which delights ourselves! This evening I sang a beautiful air from Verdi's *Macbeth*, representing the moment when that terrible Lady Macbeth has slain Duncan, and is washing her hands to wipe away those bloody stains which will never disappear. I daresay you know the play. I tried, in singing it, to infuse something of that fierceness which Shakespeare has so well mingled with the fearless grandeur of that dreadful woman. Clotilde and I wished for you to hear and take part in our discussions upon the matter.

"During the day we read a good deal of Père Gratry, when again we called upon you, as the poor Lydian king called upon 'Solon! Solon!' It is very beautiful when Gratry describes the created trinity in the soul, as there is an uncreated Trinity in God. I long to show you this passage, that you may see it as we do. Instead of which I must go to bed."

"Posilippo, Feb. 16.

"How the weather is gone off! My dear little friend of my heart, who knows when we shall meet? and I have so much to say to you. I have begun a large sheet of paper, that I may write, if I cannot talk.

"Ever since yesterday, when I came home from seeing Ernest,* I have longed for a good chat with you. I looked at him, and thought that now he had come to the last days of childhood. One step more, and he will have entered upon his youth. Now, then, is the flower all fresh and bright; in a couple of years, or a little more, the breath of this dirty little-great world, which he must face, may have withered it up; and then how will it be with that coming fruit, which, though still unripe, bears the promise of a rich maturity, and is so feebly defended by its frail shell? You can quite understand this parable, dear Adelina. I know you can; and so knowing, I add that our good God has set near this fruit a flower-stem of earlier date, clothed with rich foliage, which will shade it from the blast and from the falling rain, and, thanks to this beneficent neighbor, the fruit will ripen into all its sweetness. You may call this the fable of *The Fruit and its Leaves*, which represents Ernest and Adelina. But to fulfil this office with him, how good and

* Adelina's brother.

venerable you must make yourself in his eyes! How thoroughly instructed you must be in religion! —without narrowness or affectation; charitable, modest, a true woman to your fingers' ends; and yet, as I should wish, with a manly courage, and even with somewhat of a manly character, without in the least encroaching on what is *lady-like*.* Strip yourself of all petty frivolities; make yourself agreeable, but, as Clotilde says, for the sake of others, and not from self-love. If you shine in society, either by the help of your face or your wit, your knowledge or your position, in Heaven's name do not make a show of it.† Be simple and unpretending; humble in splendor—*umile in gloria*—like your charming Duchess of R——, who is so brilliant, and never seems to think about it. We raise our hearts to this level by driving away all those feelings of self-complacency which beset the mind after any little success. They must be treated as snares of the tempter, and we must quickly humble ourselves before God; for without this we should become base creatures, deprived of grace and gifts. Every time you succeed or please in life, think of our Lord's words, when He says He will ask an account of the talents lent to his servants, and of the moment when he will say, 'Adelina, I gave you a pleasing face, capacity, and wit; what have you done with them?' You *must* be able to answer, 'Lord Jesus, I have spent them to thy honor.' For if it shall have been to grow proud upon, or to work the least harm to others, you will deserve to perish like the wicked servant. Be therefore always simple and humble,—humble with that beautiful and characteristic virtue of the Blessed Virgin, which she has forever dignified by the words: 'He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble and meek.'

"I do not bid you study and cultivate your mind, for you are in the habit of doing this. I have not said half what I have in my mind; but I comfort myself with thinking that you are able to make out for yourself what is incumbent upon a woman who wishes to be the friend, the guide, and the safeguard of her brother."

"Posilippo, ——

"Your father says that I must date my notes; but to do that, it would be needful to know the day of the month; and all I know at this moment is, that it is somewhere between the 20th and 30th of February, and that it is savagely cold.* Still I do not grumble at it; for, thanks to our beloved hydropathy, I—that is, *we*—walk out bravely into the wind, without taking the least harm. I thought of you last night when I could not sleep. 'For what reason?' you will ask; and I answer, 'For none at all.' I had been composing music all the evening, and the two last verses of my song kept running in my head:

'Troppo la terra è povera,
Non sazia il tuo desir.'†

Then I began to make reflections upon this word *desire*, and to com-

* *Sic* in the original.
† Literally, "do not peacock yourself about it."

* *Froid de loup.*
† "Earth is too poor to satisfy thy craving."

pare it with that other of the *will*, and to weigh the distinction. Desire, I thought, is born in the lower part of the soul, while deliberately to will is an act fulfilled in that nobler part of it by which we draw near to God, by which we *hang upon God*, as Plato says. What a difference there is in the two words!—and how this *desire* of good, which springs solely from the feeling that earth is too poor to satisfy us, fades in our eyes on deeper reflection; whilst to *will* the utmost good is indeed to become like to our Heavenly Father, and forms that perfect act to which God hearkens, and which He immediately satisfies! In this way I wandered through the realms of spirit last night, and thought of you, with whom I have so much sympathy of mind. I felt as if we were talking together, discussing the words which served us as starting-points, and thence soaring to higher thoughts. I know you like these airy flights, these wanderings into intellectual regions. How well one can discern distinctions by comparison, and perceive the various heights they contain! I told you before what Père Gratry said about the created trinity of the soul.

"How pleasantly we might spend our time together this summer! There is no one to whom I so develop my thoughts and feelings as with you, my dear girl. We understand one another so well. Whether we talk about art, literature, or more abstruse things, I should almost say that our minds are identical, if the mind of a woman of fifty could ever be like that of a girl of sixteen. But think of the almond-tree, which will be budding in a few days. When it flowers, it will be like my Adelina; later on, the rough shell will be the image of her old aunt. In the end, when the fruit ripens, it will be both flower and shell which have brought forth the almond."*

"Posilippo, May 24.

"If you only knew what pleasure your letters give me! My heartfelt joy has brought about the same sickness as befell the builders of the Tower of Babel—the confusion of tongues. Look at the date of my letter, dear little one, and you will see what I have done in my hurry to answer yours.† The Marchioness de R—— and the Spanish minister are just gone. They breakfasted here; and from one subject to another, we have got on to the unimaginable time of a quarter to four. They are both extremely clever, and conversation flowed abundantly and without effort. Whenever I am so amused, I think of you; I wish you to be here, and to share everything that interests me. What weather it is now! what a day! The sea, as well as the sky, is shining with light. It ought to be like this these Whitsuntide days. Though the emotions of the soul are far above the feelings, still I am flesh and blood; and it is delightful to experience through the senses the divine effect of earthly light, when my mind is carried away by the glorious *Lux beatissima* that fills all hearts. This morning I said the

* The pretty playfulness of this expression is utterly lost in translation. "La fleur et l'écorce auront toutes les deux produit l'*amende*"—"would have wrought amends."—*Translator.*

† There is want of clearness in the text.—*Translator.*

Veni, Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte cælitus
Lucis Tuæ radium,

with the great horizon of Posilippo in the full blaze of the sun, straight before my eyes. Ah, I can tell you it was good, both for soul and body! I write, Pussy, because I love to talk it all out to you, and it is impossible to do this when we are in the midst of people. I find very few of them ready for *psychological effusions.* However, I hope to see you this evening. My heart, which tells no falsehood, says I shall."

"Posilippo, June 12.

"'Write to me, write to me!' This is what you said in bidding me good-bye yesterday. I think you meant, 'Write me all that you did not say when they came to look for me in the garden.' Is not this what you intended to convey? As I think this a good guess, I shall go on with the meditation upon Christian doctrine, which formed the subject of our talk when we were interrupted by returning to the drawing-room. First, however, I must tell you how I enjoyed myself in your Aunt Judith's tent. Those charming young women so beautifully dressed, the bright garden so well kept, the profusion of flowers, the lamps, the ices, our pleasant hosts, and the grace with which they did the honors, were all what they ought to have been, and pleased me much. I amused myself extremely. And now we will go back to the chief subject; but I should like to do this in Italian, for I have to explain the Catechism in that language to the boys who are good enough to come and listen to me, and do what I advise them; and it would be translating uselessly if I said the same things to you in another language. Over and above this, dear Pussy, please to pay attention to the subject, and not to the words, which I should not like to be dressing up for you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Placed in this narrow clouded spot below,
We darkly see around, and darkly know!
Religion lends the salutary beam
That guides our reason thro' the dubious gleam;
Till sounds the hour when he who rules the skies
Shall bid the curtain of Omniscience rise!
Shall dissipate the mists that veil our sight,
And show his creatures—*all his ways are right!*

THE CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

(Translated from the French.)

FATHER, to whom my father prays!
Nor thinks to name thee, save on bended knee;
Whose awful voice my mother too obeys,
And, reverent, bows to thee!

They say that yonder brilliant sun
Is but a plaything of thy boundless might,
Ordained beneath thy feet its course to run,
And shed its golden light.

The birds whose music fills the air
From thy creative hand existence claim;
And, formed by thee, a soul serene and fair
Inspires each human frame.

The flowers that scent the summer breeze,
And deck the garden walks, by thee were wrought;
While the rich burdens of the orchard trees,
Without thee, would be naught.

Thou bidd'st the universe to share
The abundant gifts thy bounteous hand supplies;
Not even an insect is forgotten there:—
Thy goodness ne'er denies.

The wild thyme is the lamb's repast,
The cytisus attracts the mountain goat,
The industrious fly resorts where lees is cast,
Or sips the milky mote:

The seeds that cover heath and wild,
And harvest-field afford the lark its fare;
The sparrow seeks the winnower, and the child
Demands its mother's care.

Thou send'st thy gifts, a priceless train,
Morn, noon and night, so plenteously for all;
And our sole task these treasures to obtain
Is but on thee to call.

O God! though fear of thee inspires
The angelic hosts, my lips thy works proclaim;
For even a child is heard in the glad choirs
Which glorify thy name.

And since, though far away,
Thou lend'st an ear when suppliant mortals plead,
My lisping prayers shall ask, from day to day,
The things which others need.

My God! let every fountain pour
Its crystal waters, dancing to the view;
Give birds their feathers, lambs their fleecy store,
And fields the shade and dew.

Let health to all the sick return,
To beggars give the morsel which they crave;
Homeless no more, let orphans cease to mourn;
Give freedom to the slave.

And let my father's household live
In thy serenest peace, and keep thy word:
Grant me thy wisdom;—to my mother give
Thy happiness, O Lord!

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

Beacon-fires were the ancient mode of telegraphy adopted in Great Britain. An act of the Scottish Parliament of 1455 directs that "one bale or fagot shall be the warning of the approach of the English in any manner; two bales, that they are coming indeed; and four bales blazing beside each other, that the enemy are in great force." The earliest well-defined plan of telegraph communication is that of Dr. Robert Hooke, described by him in a paper to the Royal Society in 1684, and published in 1726 in Derham's collection of his *Philosophical Experiments and Observations.* A number of symbols or devices were to be displayed on an elevated framework. M. Chappe much improved on this in 1793. A kind of shutter telegraph was in 1796 adopted in England in the first government line of telegraph from London to Dover. It is stated that information had been conveyed by this from Dover to London in seven minutes. This, of course, was only available in clear weather.

We now come to the electric telegraph by which Puck's fairy boast of putting a girdle round the earth in forty minutes can be realized, though, instead of forty minutes, it can be done in *one second.* Strada speaks in his *Prolusiones Academicæ*, in 1617, of "the instantaneous transmission of thoughts and words between two individuals over an indefinite space," caused by a species of loadstone, which possesses such virtue, that if two needles be touched with it, and then balanced on separate pivots,

and the one turned in a particular direction, the other will sympathetically move parallel to it. These needles were to be poised, and mounted parallel on a dial with the letters of the alphabet around. It is wonderful how nearly this description would apply to the electric telegraph. Addison playfully quotes this as a substitute for love-letters in the Spectator of 1712. Glanvil, in a work addressed to the Royal Society two hundred years ago, treating of things, then rumors, which might be practical realities, says: "To confer at a distance of the Indies by sympathetic conveyances, may be as usual to future times as to us in literary correspondence." Experiments of making electric shocks through wires had been made many times before Franklin's theory of positive and negative electricity was started. Mr. Timbs states that in the *Scots Magazine* for 1753 there appeared a distinct proposition for a system of telegraphic communication by as many conducting wires as there are letters in the alphabet. Arthur Young, in his Diary, October 16th, 1787, states that a French mechanic named Lomond had made a remarkable discovery in electricity. "You write two or three words on paper; he takes it with him into a room, and turns a machine inclosed in a cylindrical case, at the top of which is an electrometer, a small fine pith-ball; a wire connects with a similar cylinder and electrometer in a distant apartment; and his wife, by remarking the corresponding motions of the ball, writes down the words they indicate; from which it appears that he has formed an alphabet of motions. As the length of the wire makes no difference in the effect, a correspondence might be carried on at any distance, within and without a besieged town, for instance." This is, to all intents and purposes, the electric telegraph. In 1812, Mr. Crosse, the electrician, uttered this prediction: "I prophesy that by means of the electric agency, we shall be enabled to communicate our thoughts instantaneously with the uttermost parts of the earth." In the same year, Francis Ronalds employed frictional electricity. His telegraph was a single insulated wire, the indication being by pith-balls in front of a dial. In the next year, Mr. Hill, of Alfreton, invented a voltaic electric telegraph.

Oersted discovered, in 1819, that a magnetic needle is deflected by the passage of a circuit of electricity through a wire parallel and in close proximity to it. This made the wonderful discovery of the telegraph possible. But the deflecting power of the current must be multiplied, and Schweigger did this by passing a wire insulated by silk a number of times round the needle. M. Arago, in 1819, invented the first electro-magnet, by coiling round a piece of soft iron a length of insulated copper wire, the ends of which communicated with a battery. By alternately making and breaking the circuit of the current, an up-and-down movement can be produced, which is the principle of action in Wheatstone's electric magnetic dial instrument. These discoveries do not seem to have been followed up in a practical manner till, in 1837, Wheatstone took out a patent in conjunction with Mr. Cooke. Their telegraph

had five wires and five needles, two of which indicated the letters of the alphabet placed around. In July, 1837, wires were laid down from Euston Square to Camden Town Stations, by the sanction of the Northwestern Railway, and Professor Wheatstone sent the first message between the two stations. The Professor says: "Never did I feel such a tumultuous sensation before, as when, all alone in the still room, I heard the needles click; and as I spelled the words, I felt all the magnitude of the invention, now proved to be practical beyond cavil or dispute." The form of telegraph now in use was substituted for this because of the economy of its construction, not more than two wires (sometimes only one) being required. Of course several persons claimed to have invented the telegraph before Professor Wheatstone. In the same month that the Professor was working upon the Northwestern Railway, there was one in operation invented by Steinheil of Munich, but Wheatstone's patent had been taken out in the month before. Morse claims to have invented it in 1832, but did not put it into operation till 1837. After this, his system was generally adopted in the United States. It is a *recording* one.

Mr. Brunel adopted Wheatstone's telegraph on the Great Western, and the wires at this time were not carried on posts, but placed in a tube under ground. But soon after a gentleman, at a meeting of the shareholders, said the whole was a "new-fangled scheme," and actually got a resolution passed repudiating the agreement with the patentees. They were, however, graciously permitted to work the wires at their own expense. The tariff was one shilling per message; curiously enough, the very sum now charged since the wires in Great Britain have been transferred to the government.

Sir M. I. Brunel and Professor Daniell thus speak of the relative positions of Messrs. Cooke and Wheatstone in the invention of the electric telegraph: "Whilst Mr. Cooke is entitled to stand alone as the gentleman to whom this country is indebted for having practically introduced and carried out the electric telegraph, as a usual undertaking, promising to be a work of national importance—and Professor Wheatstone is acknowledged as the scientific man whose profound and successful researches had already prepared the public to receive it as a project capable of practical application—it is to the united labors of two gentlemen so well qualified for mutual assistance, that we must attribute the rapid progress which this important invention has made during the five years since they have been associated."

In 1840, Professor, Wheatstone invented the revolving dial telegraph, working without any clockwork power: a magneto-electric machine supplies the place of a voltaic battery. In 1841, he invented the type-printing telegraph. The American printing telegraph of House has much complicated mechanism, but does its work well; and messages are printed by it at the rate of fifty letters per minute in common Roman characters on long slips of paper. Bakewell's telegraph is of this kind, though, if possible,

more ingenious. Formerly an alarum used to be sounded by an electro-magnet, to arouse the operator, but the clicking of the needle is found quite sufficient. When a message is sent between two cities, all the needles of all the telegraph stations on the line are deflected at the same time; but a special signal is made to show for which station the message is intended. Dr. Wynter mentions a somnolent station-clerk, who, in order to enjoy a nap, trained his terrier to awake him at the clicking of the needles.

The new magnetic alphabet-dial telegraph, invented by Wheatstone in 1858, and improved in 1860, was used by the Universal Private Telegraph Company, and by private individuals in great numbers. On a dial-like face, the letters of the alphabet are placed, with accordeon-like keys round. By touching these, a communication is obtained with a like instrument at the end of the wire. The Professor found the best way of working the private telegraphs in the metropolis was by a number of wires, not thicker than pack-thread, bound together in a cable, but isolated from each other by an India-rubber process, patented by the Messrs. Silver. This, of course, greatly reduces the cost. Suspending posts were placed at intervals of one hundred yards, and connecting boxes to combine and arrange the various lines—the boxes a mile apart. Faults can be easily discovered by a very ingenious arrangement at each suspending-post. The charge for the use of a wire to an individual and working instruments is about sixteen pounds a mile per annum. It is impossible to overestimate the importance of this to the British merchant, who may at his country residence know all that is going on at the docks without leaving his library. Dr. Wynter says that Lord Kinnaird has laid one down from Rossie Castle to the neighboring county town, eight miles distant, and orders to the tradesmen are sent by it.

The fast-speed automatic telegraph, invented by Wheatstone in 1858, and improved in 1867, is perhaps the most wonderful of the Professor's inventions. He thus describes it : "My invention consists of a new combination of mechanism, for the purpose of transmitting through a telegraphic circuit messages previously prepared, and causing them to be recorded or printed at a distant station. Long strips or ribbons of paper are perforated, by a machine constructed for the purpose, with apertures grouped to represent the letters of the alphabet and other signs. A strip thus prepared is placed in an instrument, associated with a rheomotor (or source of electric power), which, on being set in motion, moves it along, and causes it to act on two pins, in such manner that, when one of them is elevated, the current is transmitted to the telegraphic circuit in one direction; and when the other is elevated, it is transmitted in the opposite direction: the elevations and depressions of the pins are governed by the apertures and intervening intervals. These currents, following each other indifferently in the two opposite directions, act upon a printing or writing instrument at a distant station in such a manner as to produce corresponding marks on a ribbon of paper, moved by appro-

priate mechanism." He soon found, after devoting his attention to fast-speed telegraph and dot-printing, that a rapid printer was required. This he invented by the name of the "line-printer," printing the dot and dash alphabet at the rate of six hundred letters per minute. It would be impossible, in our limited space to give descriptions of the working of the various varieties of the telegraph.

In 1843, Mr. Cooke had the wires of the telegraph suspended on posts, instead of conveying them underground. Iron wire galvanized is used for these lines; but in the neighborhood of large manufacturing towns, the sulphur in the air converts the oxide into sulphate of zinc, which the rain washes off, to the great detriment of the wire. Lightning has been known to run for miles along the wire, melting the delicate coils in the instruments in the various stations along the line. The aurora borealis also affects the wire. In September, 1851, it prevented any messages being sent in New England. Professor Wheatstone, by elaborate experiments, discovered that electricity travels through a copper wire at the rate of two hundred thousand miles per second, or the velocity of light; and Professor Bache, that through iron wire the velocity was fifteen thousand four hundred miles a second. About one ton of wire is required for every five miles. The wires were attached to the posts by brown salt-glazed stoneware of the hour-glass shape; but Mr. E. Clark invented a method of placing them on a stoneware hook, open at the side, so that the hook could be replaced if required. In India the delicate wires used here would not be suitable; so iron rods three-eighths of an inch thick are employed. Rain may pour on them, and monkeys sit on them without doing any damage. In Whitworth's Report, it is stated that in the United States, in certain states of the atmosphere (rain carrying much of the electricity from the wires), Bain's telegraphs will work when Morse's will not.

The needle instruments transmit the messages much more quickly than the recording ones; but in the latter, an indelible record of every message transmitted is made, which is of great importance.

There is one man who has done an immense deal to utilize telegraphic information; we mean Mr. Reuter. In 1849, he opened an office at Aix-la-Chapelle, and had carrier-pigeons to convey messages from that place to Brussels, as the telegraph was not formed there at that time. In 1851, he transferred his office to London, and devoted his attention to inducing the British press, which obtained information at an enormous cost, to depend on him for it. In 1858, to show what he could do, he sent his telegrams to the various papers, free of cost; and they were so impressed with their value, that several subscribed to his system. In February, 1859, the Emperor of France made the famous speech threatening Austria through her ambassador. This was delivered at 1 P.M., and at 2 P.M. the speech was published in the third edition of the *Times*, having been transmitted by Mr. Reuter. The press soon adopted his system, and the daily papers

in the north have the same telegrams as those of the metropolis. The wires are connected in London from Mr. Reuter's office into the editor's room of each journal. It is stated that Mr. Reuter sold his business to government recently at a premium of three hundred thousand pounds.

The first newspaper report by electric telegraph appeared in the Morning Chronicle, May 8, 1845, detailing a railway meeting held at Portsmouth on the preceding evening. A chess-match was played in April, 1845, by telegraph between amateurs in London, and Mr. Staunton and Captain Kennedy in Gosport. The contest began at 11.30 A.M., terminating about 7 P.M., the time being taken up by the consideration of the players over the moves. The squares of the board and the men were numbered, and the electric fluid must have travelled at least ten thousand miles during the game.

Many a thief has been caught by the aid of the telegraph, as information can be sent to stop him if he has started in a train at some distant station. Tawell the murderer is another instance of this. Sarah Hart had been murdered in 1845, at a cottage in Salt Hill, and a man in Quaker attire had been seen to leave the house. A clergyman hearing he had been supposed to have gone to Slough, went there, and saw the Quaker-like man enter a first-class carriage. A telegraphic message was despatched to London, and a detective followed Tawell, and he was subsequently apprehended. He nearly escaped in this manner: the letter Q was then represented by K, and the clerk in London could make nothing out of *Kuaker*, but fortunately guessed it in time to be Quaker.

Here is an example of laconic telegraphy. A person who had committed an offence against the laws, and run away, desired to know if it would be prudent to return. He asked: "Is everything O. K.?" The answer was: "Proverbs 27: 12." Upon referring to this, he found: "A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself; but the simple pass on, and are punished."

Elihu Burritt tells us how a train of passengers was saved from destruction by a message by telegraph. A long railway bridge was blown down between Hartfield and Springfield, in the United States, and the train was stopped by telegraphing to a distant station. Mr. Walker, superintendent of the telegraphs of the Southeastern Railway Company, states that in 1850 a collision occurred to an empty train at Gravesend, and the driver leaping from the engine, it started full speed for London. The line was kept clear by the telegraph, and an engine started in pursuit, fortunately overtaking it. But it had passed twelve stations safely before this.

We now turn to submarine telegraphy. Professor Morse is said to have made the first practical experiments in this part of the subject in 1842. Wheatstone laid wire across the bed of the Thames eight months after Morse's experiment. It is probable that if gutta-percha had not been discovered in the Eastern Archipelago, electric communication could not have been made to any extent through water.

This substance was first applied for insulating in 1847, by Lieutenant Siémens, of the Prussian artillery; and Faraday used it in electrical experiments in 1848; and in 1850 the first submarine cable was laid between Dover and Cape Grisnez. This soon broke from friction on a sharp ridge of rocks. Another was soon laid down of better construction, and this was a great success, and has remained so. Then one followed to Ostend, connecting us with Europe through Belgium. In May, 1853, another cable was laid down from Orfordness, near Ipswich, to Schevening in Holland: this goes for one hundred and twenty miles under the North Sea. In 1849, Mr. J. J. Lake submitted a plan to the Athenæum for connecting the electric telegraph with America by a wire covered with gutta-percha. The first Atlantic cable was finished in 1857 by Glass & Co., of Greenwich, and Newall of Birkenhead. It was paid out successfully to the extent of three hundred and fifty-five miles. At this point it parted from the strain, and was lost forever. In 1858, another cable was ready, being made under the direction of Mr. Cyrus Field. But it broke several times before it was finally laid in August, 1858. It worked well for a time, and then became useless. Till 1865, no fresh attempt to lay another was made. Sir Charles Bright recommended a combination of iron wire and hemp for the outer protecting strands. Two thousand six hundred miles were placed on the Great Eastern. The central conductor was composed of seven fine copper wires, with four layers of gutta-percha, and then eleven iron wires. In strength it was equal to a strain of seven and three-quarter tons. It was constructed by Messrs. Glass & Elliott, at East Greenwich. The Great Eastern sailed from Valentia, July 23, 1865. As it was being paid out, two faults were discovered, which would have been fatal to the working of the line. Stout iron wire had been driven through the cable, some said purposely. On August 2, the cable broke, to the consternation of all on board. The great ship then determined to grapple for it, and from August 3 to August 11 the cable was grappled three times; and on the latter day, the grapnel being found defective, and the stock of wire-rope exhausted, the Great Eastern moored a buoy, and returned home. Thus £1,250,000 was sunk at the bottom of the ocean. Another cable was constructed, and began to be paid out July 13, 1866, and on July 27, Newfoundland was sighted. In August, a telegram was sent from New York to Bombay, going across a wide stretch of America, spanning the Atlantic, crossing Ireland and England, Europe, Asia Minor, Persian Gulf, and Indian Ocean to Kurrachee. In September 2, the 1865 cable was raised from the bed of the Atlantic by the Great Eastern. Experiment proved that the communication was perfect. On September 8, the Great Eastern finished paying out, the 1865 cable being then landed at Newfoundland. A banquet was given at the Royal Polytechnic, December 21, 1867, to Sir C. Wheatstone; the Duke of Wellington and others were present. The wires of the Atlantic cable were brought into

the room, and the following message was sent to the President of the United States: "The Duke of Wellington, the directors and scientific guests now at the Royal Polytechnic, London, send their most respectful greeting to the President of the United States, their apology being, that to the discoveries of science the intercourse between two great nations is indebted." This message was nine minutes thirty seconds in transit from London to Washington, by Heart's Content and New York. The following reply, occupying twenty-nine minutes in transmission, was received: "I reciprocate the friendly salutation of the banqueting-party at the Royal Polytechnic, and cordially agree with them in the sentiment, that free and quick communication between governments and nations is an important agent in preserving peace and good understanding throughout the world, and advancing all the interests of civilization.—ANDREW JOHNSON."

On the same evening a message of twenty-two words was started from the same institution for Heart's Content at 9 P.M., and *at* 9.10 *the reply of twenty-four words was delivered.*

Electrical tests applied to these two cables show them to be at least twenty times better in conductivity and insulation than on the first day they were submerged. Their earnings average about £700 a day. We cannot wonder, therefore, that the French wished to have an independent line for themselves, making the third line to America. The new French cable is about 3564 nautical miles in length—nearly double that of either of the English ones. The principle of construction is the same, only the French conductor weighs 100 lbs. more per mile than ours. The Manilla hemp used is saturated with tar—another advantage. The Anglo-American companies have the sole right of landing cables on Newfoundland, so this cable has to go from Brest to St. Pierre, and from St. Pierre to Massachusetts. The standard of the manufactured value of a cable is judged by what are called units of resistance. The amount of resistance to the passage of the electric current through the conductor is measured by the galvanometer, and is counted by millions of units: a cable giving a low rate of resistance would show that some hidden leakage allowed the current to escape, and so to enter the wire faster than it ought. The Persian Gulf cable had a resistance of 50,000,000 units; the Atlantic cable of 1865, 100,000,000 units; that of 1866, 150,000,000 units; and the new French cable no less than 250,000,000, showing a great increase of perfection in the manufacture.

THE CEREMONIES OF THE CHURCH.

PERHAPS no feature of the Catholic Church is so much misunderstood by those without her pale as her ceremonies. The most intelligent of our countrymen, those who have sounded the shallow waters of dissent, and have been brought step by step to the portal of the Church, are almost always repelled by her symbolisms. It remains with them a stumbling-block and rock of offence, until subsequent thought and closer scrutiny reveal a philosophic wisdom, as manifest in the least ceremony of the Church as in the most sublime dogma of her faith. The Church is a unit—a circle as wide as humanity, presenting points to meet all the wants of our complex modern life. Her "manysidedness" has been charged upon her as a reproach—it is in truth her glory, the badge of her divine origin.

In her ceremonies there is found the subtlest philosophic insight—a wonderful adaptation to every class of mind. All admit as a general principle, that children, the barbarous and uncultivated, must be taught by symbols; that something concrete or visible must be used to fix the attention—to arouse the associative fancy as often as seen to represent spiritual realities. In no other manner can the mysteries of our religion be adequately presented to the understanding. On the other hand, it is equally true that the most highly cultivated intellects—those of superior conceptive power, invariably think symbolically. What is reason, or the higher faculty of intuition, but grouping wide phenomena with prophetic glance, until a sign represents it. The highest thought, the profoundest reach of mind is shown in its power of analysis, in its piercing grasp of the laws which control natural processes, as well as the more hidden ones of mental action. The most exhaustive generalizations—those of space, time, and cause—are mere symbols, not cognitions, of those unknown regions which bound known law; that unbounded sea of *indefinite* consciousness never yet mapped out. Thus while the ignorant demand symbols as a *necessary* medium of worship, the highly gifted find in or through them an infinite ladder of suggestion—a liberty of worship utterly denied them in a more literal form of worship. The imagination needs them as a fulcrum—as a point of departure for its bold incursions out of the "dull, cold real," into the bright realms of the spirit world. It is the hard, practical understanding illumined by the rich light of the imagination, unsoftened by the dewy aspirations of the heart, that ignores mysteries and hates symbols as their sign. How frequent the complaints made of the poverty of language, of its inadequacy to express the deepest emotions of the soul; but much more profoundly must this want be felt in worship in dealing with the transcendent mysteries of the Christian faith. The principal feature of our Church ceremonies is music. Through harmony alone we catch glimpses of our heavenly birthright—our lost inheritance. The soul with restless longings de-

mands expression or embodiment in some form of that which is highest and deepest in its nature. The great masters of melody, through their enrapturing strains, appease something of that divine hunger of the soul for the possession of God, its Creator, and Heaven, its home. The vestments of the Priest, the Altar with its beautiful decorations, the lights that gleam from it, the incense that ascends above it, are all typical of the great sacrifice of our High Priest.

If the Church is the work of Almighty God she must bear within and without marks of her divine origin. We must observe in her a conformity of construction to those highest principles of law and order everywhere manifest in nature. The universal law that groups all phenomena, and which meets us at every step is "unity in variety." Is not this the distinguishing mark of the Church? We find the same law ascending the great hierarchy of the sciences which mingle into one. The animal, vegetable and inorganic kingdoms are so closely interlaced that the dividing line can hardly be perceived. The highest—most perfect—mind is that which grasps in their widest significance, the uniformities of nature, its beauties, its subtle harmonies, and with artistic power re-creates them through the sublime symbolism of art. The more hidden or involved the law perceived, the greater necessity of symbol as a means of expression. Who would paint in words with half the power, the veiled prophecy in the eye of the Sistine Madonna, as Raphael has portrayed it there with his brush? What description could ever impress the beholder as Titian has done in his immortal portrait of the Magdalen? He has presented to our imagination the richest and rarest type of sensuous beauty,—the golden hair waving like an electric cloud around her globe-like head, the pearly complexion just revealing the bounding pulses beneath the rosy mouth, whose fragrant breath seems almost to fan your face like a cloud of incense. The crowning beauty is the beaming eye upraised to heaven, with one crystal tear sparkling like an arrested gem beneath its dark splendor. But this is not all—the glorious eyes are filled with spiritual light, with meek penitence and a burning love that yearns for sacrifice as its highest joy. Those haunting eyes reveal a soul redeemed,—transfigured by grace. This lovely picture is the most impassioned of orators, kindling hope in the despairing soul, for when great obstacles have been overcome, the weakest dare tread in a leader's footsteps. We find that the Church does bear the impress of nature's divine architect. "Unity in variety" is everywhere stamped upon her, as the seal of her supernatural origin; and the beautiful symbolism of nature is mirrored in her spotless bosom. In her alone, above all other religions, is the threefold order of man's nature fully represented. Reason dealing with the abstract principles of ontology is the philosophic scaffolding of her dogma. The imagination, the æsthetical element which casts "a light o'er sea and land," finds in the faith and practices of the Church an inexhaustible fountain. The simply emotional—the heart, is stimulated into loving more and

more—its deepest aspirations met, its yearnings for perfection realized in her martyrs and saints. O! must not this be the true Church—the vine which our Blessed Lord himself planted? Can it be that her glorious army of martyrs, her bright galaxy of saints, whose virtues like stars light up the darkness of ages, lived and died in error? No—a thousand times no!—we would sooner doubt the sun in heaven,—the existence of the material universe,—than that deep inspiration of the soul which leaps up in blissful recognition of its Benefactor, its Creator—God.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

The Life and Letters of Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. By J. E. Bowden. 12mo., pp. 487. Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co.

The Works of Father Faber, comprising: All for Jesus; or Easy Ways of Divine Love. The Blessed Sacrament; or Works and Ways of God. Growth in Holiness; or Progress of the Spiritual Life. The Creator and the Creature; or the Wonders of Divine Love. The Foot of the Cross; or Sorrows of Mary. Bethlehem. Spiritual Conferences. The Precious Blood; or the Price of our Salvation. In 8 vols. 12mo. Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co.

It is the thoughtful remark of a great German poet* that every man's life is a lesson full of interest and instruction, it matters not how hidden were the associations and scenes in which he moved, or how limited the influence which he exerted, or how commonplace and humble were his words and works. What interest, then, surrounds the career of a man like Faber, who was always an active and sometimes a leading spirit in the great religious movements which England has been witnessing for the past half century; whose influence did not end with his life, but abides perpetually in the institutions which he founded and the books which he wrote, and who, apart from his character as a saintly priest, stands in the front rank of modern English authors.

Such a man's biography could not fail to arouse and fix the attention, even were it written by one who but imperfectly understood the character and spirit of Faber, or who knew him only as he is revealed in his letters and books. Happily, however, we have his life written by one who enjoyed his confidence and friendship for fourteen years. Still Father Bowden is not so much the biographer of Faber as the editor of his letters. He lets Faber tell his own history in a closely connected series of letters addressed to different parties, and treating unreservedly on every subject which affected his life or engaged his thoughts. In these letters we can trace, step by step, the tortuous and thorny path through which he found his way to the true fold. In them he discloses the hopes and fears,

* Goethe: Wilhelm Meister.

the anxiety and joy, the sorrow and happiness that alternated in his beautiful and restless spirit, down to the period when it found perfect peace in the bosom of the Mother Church. When necessary, Father Bowden supplies a missing link by adding a few words of explanation or comment. These, with some personal reminiscences of Faber, and a thoughtful criticism on his works, make up one of the most interesting biographies we have ever read.

Father Faber was born (1814) in one of the loveliest districts of Yorkshire, and his infancy and boyhood were passed amid scenes whose natural beauties and historic associations have been celebrated by an eminent English poet.* These surroundings served to develop that fine poetical spirit which, in maturer years, was to break forth in marvellously beautiful prose and song. Of his youth we have few particulars. After a preparatory course at Harron, he entered Oxford in the year 1832. Here his mind was brought under the fascination exerted by the genius, piety, and earnestness of Newman, who about this time was leading the Tractarian movement, which has given to the Church some of the greatest minds of England. Faber's letters, at this period, evince the interest which he took in doctrinal matters, and many of them display a maturity of judgment and depth of research surprising in one so young.

In a letter dated Jan. 1, 1834, he writes:

"Transubstantiation has been bothering me: not that I lean to it; but *I have seen no refutation of it.* How can it be absurd and contradictory to the evidence of our senses, when they cannot by any means take cognizance of the unknown being, substance, which alone is held up as the subject of this conversion? Answer that."

He combined his investigation into Catholic doctrine with the careful study of the Fathers. Had he continued reading St. Ignatius and St. Augustine his conversion would not have been long delayed. Unfortunately, however, he gave up both for Calvin's Institutes and Protestant commentators on the Scriptures. The result was that his mind became imbued with Calvinistic principles and doctrines. How such a sunny kindly spirit as his could have ever grown attached to a system of belief so gloomy, cheerless, and selfish as Calvin's is a problem which neither he nor his friends could afterwards solve. The influences which kept him in Calvinism had happily lost their hold upon him in 1836, when we find him a staunch and zealous advocate of Anglican principles. He describes his return to Anglicanism in the following letters:

. . . "My religious education has been among good and pious men of the party offensively styled (not by themselves) Evangelicals. From them I imbibed that view of the Christian dispensation which goes under their name in the world. My early prejudices are all in favor of them, and I shall (I hope) retain an affectionate reverence for them to the last. When I first came up to Oxford in 1833, I attended Newman's church. I heard opinions widely different (I am not speaking of *ecclesiastical* opinions, remember that, throughout) from those I held. My intellect seemed to assent; my heart did not: and after a painful, I may add a dreadful struggle,

* Walter Scott: Harold the Dauntless.

I thought I saw error in them, and rejected them. So long, then, as I had much time for reading devotional books, attending religious meetings, exhorting and praying in the cottages of the poor, all was well. But quiet times came on; my duties called me to continuous study in books unconnected with religion. Then came the trial of that religious system I had lived in. I had seemed to many of my friends to be much advanced for a young man in spirituality of heart. But alas! I had laid nothing by: it was the natural result of that system that nothing should be laid by. I had been as a child walking across a room, helping itself by every chair and table: in a word I had lived upon the religious excitements of the passing day, and I had yet to learn that a *de die in diem* Christianity will not bring a man peace at the last.

. . . "I see that the Evangelical system feeds the heart at the expense of the head; and as a man is constituted what can be more perilous? I see that it tends to make religion a series of frames of feeling; that with spiritual cowardice it flies from forms for fear of formality; that it makes an unnatural union between the ideas of good works and legality, so as to infuse into the whole man and his life's blood the subtle baleful venom of Antinomianism; that it looks at truth only on one side.

. . . "I would fain turn aside, as far as may be, from this hubbub and perturbation, and listen to my God who calls me up into the mount to be with him. And it is good for me to be there. After Moses had fasted the Lord God passed with gracious proclamation before him; after Elias fasted the Almighty chose that season for coming to his servant in the still small voice; after the Lord of all creatures had himself fasted, then was the time for angels to minister. Surely God's view of fasting must be different from man's; for greatly has he blessed me in it.' And with fond eyes I turn to the primitive Church, and sit at the feet of her apostles, bishops, and doctors, studying that system of penitential discipline which this self-indulgent age derides; and I doubt not that I shall find, as they have left on record that they found, that the girdle of celibacy, and the lamp of watching, stood them in good stead in times of trial."

This letter describes pretty accurately the state of his mind down to the date of his ordination (1839). He was assigned to the parish of Ambleside, Kendal, and soon endeared himself to his parishioners by his gentleness and the excellence of his sermons. Here he remained until 1841, when, in the capacity of private tutor to a young gentleman of fortune, he began a tour upon the Continent and in the East. The results of his keen observation and sympathetic appreciation of everything beautiful and interesting that he encountered on his journey, were afterwards embodied in a poem entitled, "The Styrian Lake," and in a book which he called "Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches and among Foreign Peoples." As an evidence of his delicacy of perception, we subjoin an extract from "The Styrian Lake." The idea is the contrast between what has been called the "*classical* mind" and the "*romantic* mind." "This contrast," remarks a great master of criticism, "is traceable in the respective languages, and has been beautifully illustrated by the names of 'good omen' which the Greeks delighted in, and the names of 'dark mystery' which were congenial to those who dwelt in the gloom of the North."*

The sunny wisdom of the Greeks
All o'er the earth is strewed:
On every dark and awful place,
Rude hill and haunted wood,
The beautiful, bright people left
A name of omen good.

* Henry Reed: English Literature.

They would not have an evil word
Weigh heavy on the breeze;
They would not darken mountain side
Nor stain the shining seas,
With names of some disastrous past;
The unwise witnesses.

* * * *

Unlike the children of romance,
From out whose spirit deep,
The touch of gloom hath passed on glen,
And mountain lake and steep;
On Devil's Bridge and Raven's Tower,
And lovelorn Maiden's Leap.

Who sought in cavern, wood and dell,
Where'er they could lay bare
The path of ill, and localized
Terrific legends there;
Leaving a hoarse and ponderous name
To haunt the very air.

Not so the radiant-hearted Greeks,
Who hesitated still
To offend the blessed presences
Which earth and ocean fill;
Whose tongues, elsewhere so eloquent,
Stammered at words of ill.

All places, where their presence was
Upon the fruitful earth,
By kindly law were clasped within
The circle of their mirth;
And in their spirits had a new
And consecrated birth.

O bless them for it, traveller!
The fair-tongued ancients bless!
Who thus from land and sea trod out
All footmarks of distress;
Illuminating earth with their
Own inward cheerfulness.

Singularly beautiful in conception and expression is the following passage from "Sights and Thoughts." He is describing the palace of the Doges at Venice:

"It is a strange building with its multitudinous little marble columns and grotesque windows, and the giant staircase, all glorious of the purest Carrara marble, carved and chiselled into ornaments of the most beautiful minuteness. A splendid palace indeed it is; yet, while my eye wandered in a few minutes over the gorgeous part of the structure, it was long riveted with undiminished interest upon the little round holes close to the level of the sullen canal beneath the Bridge of Sighs—holes which marked the passages to the dungeons beneath the level of the canal, where, for years, the victims of that wicked merchant-republic were confined.

"And why is it, that suffering should have a spell to fix the eye above the power of beauty or of greatness? Is it because the Cross is a religion of suffering, a faith of suffering, a privilege of suffering, a perfection arrived at by and through suffering only? Half an hour was enough for the ducal palace. I could gaze for hours upon those dungeon-holes, gaze and read there, as in an exhaustless volume, histories of silent, weary suffering, as it filed the soft heart of man away, attenuated his reason into a dull instinct, or cracked the stout heart as you would shiver a flint.

"There is seldom a line of glory written upon the earth's face, but a line of suffering runs parallel with it; and they that read the lustrous syllables of the one, and stoop not to decipher the spotted and worn inscription of the other, get the least half of the lesson earth has to give."

This tour was his first step to conversion. Brought into immediate contact with Catholic peoples and institutions, he unlearned nearly all the old anti-Catholic prejudices which his Protestant education had taught him. In a description he gives of the manner in which Sunday is kept by Protestant Berlin, he says:

"No one who has not been abroad, and heard and seen, and investigated for himself, would credit the extensive system of lying pursued by English travel-writers, religious tract-compilers, and Exeter Hall speechmakers, respecting the Roman Church abroad; and whether the lies be those of wilfulness or of prejudice, ignorance and indolence, I do not

see much to distinguish in the guilt. These dirt-seekers scrape the sewers of England to roughcast the Church of Rome with the plentiful defilements. Nought is left behind. Humanity itself is whitewashed, and the dogma of inherited sin reduced to a mere notion of spiritual helplessness, rather than that one sin should be left unappended, as effect to cause, to some corruption of Roman theology. I have seen this in a hundred ways."

Hence, on his next visit to the Continent, he went "more as a learner than a critic." He was furnished with letters of introduction to leading ecclesiastics in Rome, "thanks to whose kindness, he was enabled to see much more of the various works of charity and religion in Rome, than falls to the lot of the ordinary visitor." He thus comments on his first visit to the room in which St. Philip Neri, his future father in religion, used to say mass:

"How little did I, a Protestant stranger in that room years ago, dream I should ever be of the Saint's family, or that the Oratorian father who showed it me should in a few years be appointed by the Pope the novice-master of the English Oratorians. I remember how, when he kissed the glass of the case in which St. Philip's little bed is kept as a relic, he apologized to me as a Protestant, lest I should be scandalized, and told me with a smile, how tenderly St. Philip's children loved their father. I was not scandalized with their relic-worship then, but I can understand better now, what he said about the love, the childlike love, wherewith St. Philip inspired his sons. If any one had told me that in seven short years, I should wear the same white collar in the streets of London, and be preaching a triduo in honor of Rome's apostle, I should have wondered how any one could dream so wild a dream."

After several months' stay in Rome, during which he studied with profound interest the methods pursued by the Church in dealing with the souls intrusted to her care, he returned to England with the intention of "working his Protestant parish in the spirit of St. Philip and St. Alphonsus." He introduced "sacramental confession," and persuaded a number of his parishioners, chiefly young men, to go to confession to him, and to receive communion frequently. The most promising of these penitents he formed into a community. They met in the rectory every night at twelve o'clock and spent an hour in prayer. On the eves of great feasts, these devotions were prolonged for three or four hours. The use of the discipline was also introduced on Fridays and every night in Lent, each taking his turn to receive it from the others. In mental prayer and exercises of mortification, Faber followed the system of St. Ignatius. He was also familiar with Rodriguez, on Spiritual Perfection, and with the works of other eminent ascetics. But the more he prayed, fasted and studied, the stronger grew his attraction towards the Catholic Church. He thus writes to his constant correspondent, Mr. Morris:

"The more I think, the more I fancy it best to take my name off the books at Oxford, in order to stand in a simple ecclesiastical position, I seem more Roman than ever, yet more frightened than ever at going, because of my parish. There are now seventeen person strikingly converted, all *confitentes*, some really being led in extraordinary ways and perfectionwards; some confess weekly, five or six of them. Thirty-one persons came to the *early* communion last Sunday. Little children in the schools, by simple catechizing in the Passion, open

their little griefs and sins to me. I really cannot without anguish confront the idea of throwing this up, and leaving these souls to—I know not what."

He saw his friends, his master, Newman, embracing the faith; he was warned not to resist the impulse of grace which bade him follow their example. The embarrassments, difficulties, doubts, which, he pleaded, detained him in the Anglican communion, were removed as by a divine hand. The way was clear before him, and after a season of prayer, he received strength to take the final step. On Sunday, November the 16th, 1845, he preached his farewell sermon to his flock and besought them to follow him into the true fold. The little community that he had established imitated his example, and in company with him, were admitted into the Church, next day, by Dr. Wareing, Bishop of Northampton.

After their conversion, they were anxious to resume the quasi-religious life which they had led before, and accordingly Faber, with the cordial approbation of Cardinal Wiseman, determined to collect them together and to take up his abode with them. With this view, they rented a small house in Birmingham. Mr. Hutchison has left us an amusing account of his visit to the community, a few days after its establishment.

"I visited them on the 22d December. Preparations for dinner were going on. The Superior (Faber) was acting as cook, and though terribly scorched by the fire, was perseveringly stirring without ceasing, a kettle full of pea-soup. He and the lay brothers wore black cassocks of the Anglican pattern. I remember well the impression that John Strickson (afterwards Brother Chad) made on me. He wore a cassock made of some very woolly, shaggy material, and he looked so gaunt and hungry that I thought him the very beau ideal of a wolf in sheep's clothing. I have since found him, however, to be a most innocent and excellent wolf. The furniture of the house was very scanty. They had certainly a chair apiece, and a long deal table for their meals. Each had also a knife and fork and a mug; a benefactor had given them some pewter spoons with the temperance pledge stamped on them, and as they were too poor and too ascetic to drink anything stronger than tea, the pledge was not likely to be broken. A small, round, three-legged deal table, split across the centre, and a Windsor arm-chair, completed the furniture of this room, the front parlor, which served as refectory, recreation-room, and parlor for guests. The arm-chair and round table were for Faber. On it stood the ivory crucifix which used before to stand in his oratory at Elton, and at this table, when I first visited the community, he was busy, when not cooking, in writing his pamphlet, which soon after appeared under the title 'Grounds for Remaining in the Anglican Communion.'

"Behind the refectory was a miserable back kitchen, and up stairs four small rooms. One of these was used as the chapel. It had no furniture whatever, not even an altar, but only a crucifix on one wall. Here they assembled at fixed hours, and recited various litanies and other prayers. The other rooms were dormitories; the beds were all on the floor, as they could not afford to buy bedsteads, and there was an old second-hand chest of drawers in which Faber kept his clothes. His bed was on the ground like the rest."

These days of want and hardship were followed by a season of entire success. Friends and patrons soon came to the aid of the little community and enabled them to build a house and church at Cotton Hall, the munificent gift of Lord Shrewsbury. Faber's bent, however, always lay towards the Ora-

tory of St. Philip Neri, and in 1848, he and his community joined that congregation. From this period to his death in 1863, he labored unremittingly in founding the London Oratory, and his last moments were cheered by the sight of the band of noble, self-sacrificing souls who had gathered about him, in the heart of London, and who gave him the sweetest of all consolations to a dying saint,—the assurance that his pious work would endure.

It was as Superior of the London Oratory that he composed that series of religious books which have won for him the thanks and prayers of the thousands of souls whom they have encouraged and supported in the Christian warfare. The widespread circulation of these works is the very best evidence of their merits, for, unfortunately, a taste for spiritual reading is rare among Catholics in this age and country. Hence, when a pious book is eagerly sought after and extensively read we infer that it is peculiarly well adapted to the spiritual wants and peculiar spiritual phase of the day. True, Faber's simple yet finished style contributed materially to the success of his books. He devoted much time and attention to the elaboration and perfection of the merely literary portion of all his works. Indeed, he rated the importance of this almost as high as their doctrinal and theological accuracy. In his Essay on the Lives of the Saints he thus expresses his views on this point:

"If the Arian heresy was propagated and rooted by means of beautiful vernacular hymns, so who will say that the uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible is not one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country? It lives on in the ear like music that never can be forgotten, like the sound of church bells which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. Its felicities seem often to be almost things rather than mere words. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of the national seriousness. Nay, it is worshipped with a positive idolatry, in extenuation of whose grotesque fanaticism its intrinsic beauty pleads availingly with the man of letters and the scholar. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its pages. . . . The extinction of the establishment would be a less step toward the conquest of the national mind, than, if it were possible (but we are speaking humanly and in our ignorance), to adopt that Bible and correct it by the Vulgate. As it is, there is no blessing of the Church along with it, and who would dream that beauty was better than a blessing?"

But the intrinsic beauty of his books lies in the clearly conceived and precisely expressed theological principle from which each proceeds. They are not simply the outpourings of a heart filled with the spirit of God. They are, also, expositions and developments of some great Christian truth, pondered over for years and studied by the light of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church. With the exception of "All for Jesus," and "Spiritual Conferences," which are chiefly exhortatory, and "Growth in Holiness," which is a continuation of "All for Jesus," all his works treat some cardinal mystery. Thus "The Blessed Sacrament," as the name indicates, is a treatise on the mystery of the Real Presence: "Creator and Creature" deals with the mystery of creation, and predestination; "Bethlehem" has to do with the mysteries of the Sacred Infancy,

and "The Precious Blood," with those of the Redemption. In all of these he combines a marvellous eloquence and felicity of expression with the most exact theological teaching. He had the power of "popularizing theology," of rendering it interesting and intelligible to all. Goldsmith, said Johnson, will make his Natural History as charming as a fairy tale. The same remark, in a limited sense, is true of Father Faber's skill in treating knotty theological subjects.

We cannot close our imperfect sketch of Faber's writings without referring to his hymns. When he told Wordsworth his intention of joining the ministry, the poet replied: "I do not say that you are wrong, but England loses a great poet." Nevertheless, Faber did not suffer his gift of song to remain unemployed. Seeing the doggerel that passed for hymns, in the old English prayer-books, he prepared a set of hymns for the use of his congregation. These are now sung in all the Catholic churches and Sunday-schools of the English-speaking world.

When we look at his life so filled up with good works, so entirely devoted to God and his neighbor, so holy, simple, sublime, and think that the greater part of it was passed in the keenest physical suffering, that he wrote the books which comfort and teach us, at times when he could scarcely raise his head, from pain, we feel that we have been reading the biography of a great saint.

THE CATHEDRAL.

Deep within the massive portal stands the old cathedral door,
Iron studded; high above it, speaking of the days of yore,
Forms of kings and mitred prelates, from their niches grim and gray,
Look out upon the storm and sunshine, summer night or winter day.

Many centuries have incrusted o'er the walls unmouldering
Memories that like lasting ivy round each aged buttress cling;
'Mid the hoary aisles and arches linger thoughts of bygone times,
Dreamy as the low vibrations heard amid the clang of chimes.

Pictures of the past uprising, dimly glow upon the gaze,
And the present pales before the visions of departed days:
Pontiff, monk, and brave crusader, in strange cerements folded long,
Once again the proud cathedral people with a countless throng.

Far between the clustered columns winds the white-robed priestly train;
Filling nave and lofty chancel, floats on high the choral strain;
Glistening from the sculptured laver see the mystic waters flow
Into the baptismal emblem, traced upon a monarch's brow.

Now that gorgeous seeming melteth into twilight's mantling gloom;
Down the stone-roofed choir descending evening's parting rays illume
Helm and lance; armed knights are kneeling on the pavement while they swear
Through the armies of the Paynim lifelong the red cross to bear.

Passing with the passing moments, like a vapor from the sight,
Sinks that scene of sunset glory under the deep pall of night;
Faintly seen through pillared vistas, lifted altar tapers shine
Like the stars of midnight sparkling through dim woods of stately pine;

Footsteps slow and solemn voices murmur in the dusky air,
Gleam the red funereal torches on the vault unclosed and bare;
Through reverberating arches, wild and sad the death-dirge rolls,
Like the wail of unseen spirits pleading for departed souls.

Hark! another tone is mingling with the *Miserere's* swell,—
Tolling out the hour of noontide, peals the great Cathedral bell;
And the phantoms of the bygone, wavering melt and fade away,
As the midnight's troubled visions vanish with the break of day.

Poured through Gothic pointed windows, veiled and mellow, sunbeams pass,
Casting gules and azure over tomb and monumental brass;
And between the mullions pointed, kneeling in a fair array,
Robed in amethyst and ruby, saints and martyrs seem to pray.

Angel-faces fair above us, lighted by the varied glow,
By the skilled hand of some ancient master carven long ago,
Resting on their outspread pinions, with mild steadfast glances gaze,
While the organ's mighty voices thunder forth their hymns of praise.

And when all the place is tranquil as some old slow-chanted psalm,
Downward still they look upon us, ever steadfast, mild, and calm—
Calm as faith, and mild as pity, beauty more than mortal dwells
In those silent angel-faces crowned with spikéd asphodels.

But the day-gleam dies upon them, evening hangs along the walls
Shadows like the sombre banners hung in trophy-crowded halls;
Through the portal with its statues, dim in the soft starry light,
Pass we from the old Cathedral into the descending night.

THREE SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A SISTER OF CHARITY.

Scene I.

It was the spring of the year 18—, and duty had called me to Paris, which latter necessitated the waiting some time there to accomplish it. Much time being at leisure for me, I visited many convents and schools there, and admired greatly the care with which the good Sisters of the house tended to the wants and requirements of their pupils, and the gentle love that characterized all their conduct towards them. In particular, one in the Rue de la ——, it was my great delight to visit, and by degrees I got to be on speaking terms with some of the more advanced scholars of the convent school. It was here that I first saw Jeanne Bénoît, the heroine of my sketch. She was then a laughing romping girl of fourteen, with a rosy animated countenance, a sweet smile, and deep religious love; and she had completely won the hearts of the Sisters by her gentleness to her companions and her sweet temper, though most of all by her growing piety. In the church she had the appearance, when praying, of an angel banished from heaven and God's sight, and entreating for permission to return, burning with an ardent longing to regain Paradise and God; in the play-ground she was mirth itself; in the school-room she was all attention; and withal so gentle and so quiet, that often children younger than herself were committed to her charge; and she really *did* deserve the confidence placed in her by her superiors. Such was the account of Jeanne that I heard from Sœur Rosalie, the sub-prioress, when on one of my visits she had been eulogizing Jeanne to me. I called the latter to my side, and when she spoke, which she did only when necessary, she did so with a childlike simplicity that won her all hearts, and I did not wonder that the Sisters loved her as they did. I asked for her parents, and then learnt, to my great sorrow, that this angelic child was an orphan. Her father had been killed by the fall of a house about two years previous to this, and her mother—who I discovered was a native of Kent—had died of grief nine months after her husband's untimely end, leaving one young daughter, Jeanne, to the nuns, where I had found her. But she showed not the least inclination to follow their footsteps and to forswear the world. Indeed, she often avowed to them, with gay smiles and merry peals of laughter, that she would soon leave them and become a great lady in her native land, the country of her mother's birth.

"Poor girl!" I thought, when I heard this trait and others similar to it—"poor girl, what a false aspect the world wears to your young and innocent eyes!" She thought it a bright and pleasant globe whence care and anxiety were banished; and she knew naught of its wiles or its troubles. The nuns tried to reason with her, and to tell her some of its numerous cares. But it was useless; their words were thrown away, and Jeanne would not be persuaded or drawn out of her inclinations; and she had just

been telling some of the younger children, who always flocked around her in the playground, that she would soon be leaving them, and go far away from Paris, when I called her to me, and interrupted her narrative. She told me, in answer to my inquiries, that she liked the convent exceedingly; that nothing could surpass the love and care of the nuns for all of them; but she could never stay there all her life, she said; and she turned up her blue innocent eyes to my face and laughed.

"Just fancy," she said, "to be shut out forever from this beautiful world around us! O Père Jean, I could not live—I should die!"

"Ah, Jeanne," I replied, "you see it from a distance, and not as one who has mixed with it as I have. Would to God it were what you imagine it! If you had seen it in as many forms, Jeanne, as I have, and seen its vanity and folly, you would shudder at its misery and wretchedness."

She looked at me so innocently as I spoke, that I could not refrain from laughing, in which act I was joined by the merry girl at my side, who then ran away to rejoin her companions. These last were, to judge by their doleful looks, anything but pleased at my interruption of their amusement, by my summons of Jeanne. But their evil looks vanished as once more their favorite was amongst them, and soon they had doubtless forgotten my existence.

Turning to Sœur Rosalie, who stood close by, I said quietly:

"Pray well for her, Sister, and guard her well. I think she will one day join you in your labor of love."

She turned to me with a look of surprise, and said:

"Do you really mean it, Father?"

"I am really in earnest," was my reply; "and we shall see whether my words will be verified or not."

I frequently saw Jeanne in my visits, and she was always the same kind-hearted girl to her companions, and a loving help to her instructors. When I returned to England, also, often did I pray, when offering up the Holy Sacrifice, for the young girl who had so interested me during my stay abroad; and in the solitude and peaceful quiet of my mission life years glided along in the rapid gulf of time, and I heard no more of her.

Scene II.

Eight years passed by, and I was still parish priest at B——, whence I had been summoned when I made the acquaintance of Jeanne Bénoît. These eight years had flitted by, and I heard nothing of Jeanne; for Sœur Rosalie had promised that, if Jeanne should do as I had told her, she would write and let me know all the story of it. But no letter came, and I was beginning to doubt of the result; and yet I could not imagine whence had come the thought to me that morning to say my Mass for her.

I was sitting by the fire in my little cozy parlor on a chilly evening in October, when a knock came to the door.

"Come in!" said I; and the door opened, and my smiling housekeeper entered, bringing with her a letter.

"A furrin letter for you, sir," she said.

"A foreign letter!" I repeated

after her, as I outstretched my hand for the missive, "I wonder whom it comes from!"

Taking it from her hand, I opened it eagerly, and glanced at the top of the paper. There I read, "17 Rue de ——, Paris," and guessed then that it was the long-waited-for letter. And true I was in my conjecture, for it was written by Sœur Rosalie, and ran thus:

"A Mons. l'Abbé ——.

"Rev. Père,—Jeanne your protégée is to be professed here on the 15th instant, and she has often expressed a wish to see you. Come, if possible, and as soon as you can. Do not disappoint Jeanne."

And it was signed, "Rosalie de Notre Dame."

This strange epistle puzzled me somewhat, for I knew well that there would be some difficulty in obtaining permission of my superiors to go to Paris just then, through the prevalence of the cholera in the city. Nevertheless, my thoughts soon took a decisive turn, and I went to my superior, and showing him the letter, made him acquainted with all the facts. After but slight demurring, he gave me the requisite permission; and after seeing my successor, for the time, duly installed in my place, I started for Paris. Fourteen hours after I was on the pier at Dover, impatiently awaiting the arrival of the steamer which was to take us across the Channel. Of course, at the present day I could have been in Paris in less than the time it had taken to get as far as Dover; but at the time of which I write, railways were neither as plentiful nor as well managed as they are now.

We were soon aboard and steaming over the Channel to France "For Paris and religion," were my thoughts. "For Paris and pleasure," was echoed back by the thoughts of many of my fellow-travellers.

The night of the 14th saw me in Paris, travel-stained and wearied with my journey. I did not go to the convent that night, but waited till the next morning. At six in the morning I arose, and was soon ready for my walk. It was a good walk from my hotel to the convent, and I had the expectation of a quiet promenade there. In this I was not disappointed; for after a sharp walk through the almost deserted streets, I arrived at the convent and rang the bell. Sœur Rosalie answered it, and recognized me almost instantly. She ushered me into the reception-room, and told me that Jeanne was in the chapel, but that she would come directly if I wished. I said it were better not to disturb her, and asked Sister Marie could I say Mass. She said there was only one altar vacant just then, but if I waited, I might say Mass shortly at the community altar. But I wished to celebrate at once, and Sister Marie went out, saying that she would send the chaplain to me.

This good man was the Abbé Lamoricière, so well known, who expressed himself pleased to see me, and said I might say Mass at once. I vested, and turned to go to the altar. The noise of our entry disturbed Jeanne. She looked up and recognized me at once, and I could see a gleam of thanksgiving flit across her countenance, as once more she buried her face in her hands.

I said my Mass for her, and she was most recollected during its celebration. Shortly after I had finished, the ceremony of profession began, and I saw the timid novice clothed in the garments that were henceforth to be a defence and a protection for her amid the changing scenes of life.

"Happy child of God!" I thought. "Well has He kept His promise of being a father to the fatherless."

She looked so angelic in her new habiliments, that I could hardly recognize the romping girl of eight years ago in the staid and Holy Sister whom I saw on her knees before me; and I left the church and paced the corridor, reciting my Office.

After some little time I was disturbed by hearing the sound of footsteps, and turning in my walk just then, I looked up (for I am very curious), and saw a few yards before me Sœur Rosalie and Sœur Marie de la Sainte Croix—such was the name Jeanne Bénoît had taken in religion.

Coming to me, calmly and with a sweet smile upon her pale countenance, she said:

"I am very glad to see you, Père Jean." And then she relapsed into silence.

Sœur Rosalie told me, when we were alone, that Sœur Marie had told her that Père Jean's words had made her what she was; that she attributed her conversion, next to God, to him.

Sœur Rosalie, after my departure from Paris on my last visit, had told Jeanne what I had said; but she had laughed gaily at my words. Then, after a time, Sœur Rosalie observed that she grew more pensive as week after week went on, and would often quietly send away her young companions, in order to give herself up to her thoughts; and, moreover, that her story of going to England and obtaining fame there was heard more seldom, and finally ceased to be heard altogether. Then she had thought of what I had told her of the deceit and misery of the world, and, comparing them with the peace and calm of a life devoted to God, had decided to choose the latter. "And she knows, Père Jean," added Sœur Rosalie, "that she has chosen the better part." And she left me then, to wonder at the inscrutable ways of Providence.

The day before I left for England, I went to take leave of Sœur Marie. She came to me soon, and said:

"I am very sorry you are going away, Père Jean, but it is God's will, and you must obey."

Taking my rosary, I gave it into her hand, and said:

"Pray for me sometimes to God, Sœur Marie, and I shall do the like for you."

She took the beads and kissed the Crucifix reverently, and fixed them in her girdle, though without making any reply; and as I looked at her, I could see that her eyes were filled with tears. I bade her adieu, and the next day I returned to B——, though I often thought of Sœur Marie, and prayed for her often; knowing well, however, that God had her under His watchful eye.

Scene III.

Three more years had gone by, unmarked by any change to me.

One event that struck me was the coming of the Sisters of Charity, and taking up their abode in this money-seeking city. I heard of it some time after their arrival, for I lived very retired at B——, and news travelled but slowly; and the name of their Order called up thoughts of Sœur Marie, though I did not think it probable that she had come with them. About the middle of the fourth year from the time of Sœur Marie's profession, I was sent to London by my superiors, as the cholera was again very prevalent there, and more priests than usual were required to administer to the wants of the sick and dying. Slowly yet surely was the pestilence working its way, and leaving a wide gap in its track, into all the dens and wretched hovels of the great city.

One evening in June I was saying my Office, after having returned from one sick-call, when I was again summoned away. A poor Irishman had been attacked, and was calling frantically for the priest. So said my guide, as, after taking the Blessed Sacrament from the Tabernacle, and commending his soul to God, we traversed together some dozen of the most wretched lanes and alleys of London. I have often wondered how the Protestants of London would behave if they met one of their parsons carrying the bread and wine to a sick man of his flock—whether they would jostle and laugh at him as they do at us, Catholic Priests as we are. Catholics seem to know by intuition when a priest has the Most Holy with him; and I have known many rough and uncultivated artisans doff their hats in reverence as they pass their priest on his sad though consoling mission, when they know that he bears their God and his resting on his breast.

To return. After a sharp walk we arrived at a break-down house, and I was really afraid of its falling if any one should do anything but tread lightly within. My guide opened the door, and beckoned me to enter. He followed, and guided me up a rickety flight of stairs, and stopped on the first-story landing at an open door.

"He's in there, yer riverence," said my guide, pointing to the door; and making the sign of the Cross, I entered.

Turning my gaze round the room, I saw a bed in one corner, and some one in the garb of a Sister of Charity kneeling in silent prayer by the bedside. She turned on hearing some one enter, doubtless to enforce silence upon them; and in her features I recognized those of Sœur Marie.

The recognition was mutual; but she spoke not a word, only pointing to the man on the bed. I looked keenly at him, and saw that his last hour was very close upon him. He called aloud and fiercely for a priest. Placing my hand on his burning forehead, I bent over him, and said:

"I am here, my son. What is it you wish?"

He looked at me, and burst into a loud laugh, so terrible that I started back in alarm, while he sank back exhausted. After the lapse of a few moments I spoke to him again; and he was quite sensible then of my presence, and who I was. He made his confession,—he was an Irishman and a good practical Cath-

olic,—and communicated, and was anointed. Then, as quietly as I could, I told him of his dangerous state. Turning to me, with a smile, he said:

"I know I am dying, father; but I have no fear of death. Sister has taken *that* away long ago;" and as he finished, he turned on the good nun a look of gratitude for her care of him.

Sister Marie was on her knees, and I, with the hand of the dying man in mine, praying for him, when, after a short struggle, his soul was summoned to the judgment-seat.

"Requiescat in pace," I said aloud.

Sister Marie started—for her head was bent low, and she had not seen him die—and looking up at the face of the dead man, answered quietly,

"Amen."

We said the prayers for the dead, and I left soon after, leaving Sœur Marie to perform the last sad duties to the body of the departed soul; but before leaving, I extracted a promise from the Sister to send me word soon of her health, for I could see plainly that she was pale and wan-looking. She promised what I asked with a smile, and I have often thought since that she had a foreknowledge of the future.

Three days after, I was again summoned away, and this time to a visit of greater light than heretofore.

"To a Sister of Charity," said my guide.

On my inquiring if he knew the sister's name, I received a reply in the negative. He said that he was passing the convent, where he was very well known, when he was called in to see the prioress, who immediately sent him for me. I started when he told me this, and there came back to my mind the words and smile of Sister Marie. When I arrived, a Sister was in waiting, and she opened the door.

"Father S——?" she said.

"Yes," I replied.

"Your patient is a French Sister."

"What is her name?" I inquired, trembling for her answer.

"Sister Marie," was the reply. "Do you know her?"

"Take me to her," I said, without answering the Sister's question; and we went together to the bedside of the dying nun.

There I saw Sister Marie; but so altered in the last few days that I had some difficulty at first in recognizing her. She turned to me with a sweet smile as I entered, and said:

"You see I have kept my promise, Father John."

"Yes, my child," I replied; "but in a different way from the one I expected."

She received the last Sacraments, and waited patiently for the sound of the angel's trump to summon her to judgment. She knew that it was coming, she said; but she only blessed God for calling her to Himself so soon.

Then she told me the events that had occurred between our parting at the bedside of the dead Irishman and our reunion at the bedside. After her return from his bedside, where I had left her, she went back at once to the convent, feeling too tired and weary to visit just then any more of her patients, though she little knew that she

would never set foot outside the convent more. She told the superioress of her wearied state, and was sent by her to bed. The next morning she was worse; and before noon it was known throughout the house that Sœur Marie was attacked by the cholera. On the evening of the second day she was so bad that medical aid was at fault, and the disease was let run its course.

Then they had sent for me, in agreement with a request that she had made in the beginning of her illness. It did not take her long to prepare for death. She had lived in a continual state of preparation, and

"No suffering from slow disease's pang"

was needed to make her fit for heaven. She knew well she was dying, and her last act I shall ever remember. Once she called my name, and on my giving her my attention, she took up a rosary that lay beside her, and gave it into my hands. It was the one I had given to her in Paris on the day of my departure, and I have it still; and when I descend into the grave, it shall go there with me. A little before midnight she entered into her agony, and exactly as the midnight hour struck, she passed quietly away.

"One more angel for heaven," I thought as I closed her eyelids.

The next morning I said Mass for her; and at its conclusion I felt one of those strange and unaccountable feelings, which told me, as plainly as if I saw her soul entering heaven, that Jeanne Bénoît, or Sister Marie, had passed through the gate of Paradise, and was then enjoying the beautiful company of the Most High, and His company of saints; and would enjoy that blessed state of peace forever and ever.

TRIFLES.

The griefs that fall to every share,
The heavier sorrows that life brings,
The heart can nerve itself to bear—
Great sorrows are half holy things.

But for the ills each hour must make,
The cares with every day renewed,
It seems scarce worth the while to take
Such little things with fortitude.

And he before whose wakened might
The strongest enemies must fall,
Is overcome by foes so slight,
He scorns to hold them foes at all.

MODERATE LIBERALISM.

Some things there are which are bad only in excess, while in moderation they are harmless or may be even beneficial. Others are so essentially bad that any appreciable quantity must prove injurious. To this latter class we consider Liberalism to belong. It is bad in its essence, and acts deleteriously in its smallest grain, for this simple reason, that it is a moral poison, and must therefore act on the body into which it is infused in proportion to the size of the dose. Moderate Liberalism is not, then, radically different from ultra-Liberalism; and, if for the time being it does not produce effects so palpably destructive, it is simply from deficiency in quantity, not from difference in quality. Give it time, let it work in the system, and you will discover that it is perfectly identical with the other, which is but its legitimate and logical development. The one does but openly avow what the other implicitly and covertly contains. Hence it is that we must own to regarding with special dread a moderate liberal, just because he does not avow, very commonly does not himself perceive, all that his principles involve. He would recoil from them if he did, as would those to whom he recommends them, and upon whom he helps to impose them in the concrete form of legislative measures, if he possess political power and place. There is a time when such a man, particularly if gifted with abilities and a considerable amount of respectable and estimable qualities, is supremely dangerous. Such a man succeeds in inserting the thin end of the wedge, and the rest naturally follows.

Moderate Liberalism is unlabelled poison, and as such the most dangerous. Whether its promoters be blind or no to its true character, and, so far as they are innocently blind, free from the guilt of deliberately administering poison, it is poison none the less. When we say blind to its true character, we mean blind to its logical and inevitable results; for no "liberal," however sincerely persuaded of the merits of his theories, and however unsuspicious of the gulf to which they lead, can be exonerated from the guilt of holding principles of error which involve political, social, and moral ruin. For it is of the essence of Liberalism, first, to displace the source of authority; secondly, to change the basis of society and its institutions; thirdly, to aim at a civilization which is to be the result of enlightened and educated human reason, and of material progress. Secularization is the word which best sums up the idea. Your modern liberal is either himself a convert, more or less, to this new form of irreligion, or, seeing that what is called public opinion is loud in demanding it, he thinks it incumbent on those who rule affairs to satisfy its clamors. It is not necessary that he should see all that the bad principle which he himself holds or accepts really involves; but he must have admitted the principle in its germ, or submitted to it, which practically comes to the same thing. A principle is precisely the same

whether you see all its bearings or not. It is true or it is false; there is no medium. There is no such thing as moderate falsehood. There is no neutral or debatable ground where principles are concerned. The principle on which Liberalism is based is Secularization. Now what is the legitimate issue and goal of Secularization? It is nothing less than the un-Christianizing of the world, of government, of society, and lastly, as its climax, of the individuals who compose society. And it must be borne in mind that to un-Christianize is not to throw back men on the state from which Christianity raised them; it is not to restore Paganism; but to bring about something far worse. The Pagan world was not without a religion, bad and corrupt as that religion was, but the state of the un-Christianized modern world will be unbelief—Atheism, hideous, cold, universal Atheism. It will be an utter revolt of human reason against GOD, and when the human reason is no longer divinely influenced and controlled, it will deify itself—become its own god and make earth a hell. This is the necessary programme of Liberalism, whether its partisans perceive it or no. We might, therefore, even say that there is no such thing really as Moderate Liberalism. Liberalism can only be Liberalism pure and simple, and Moderate Liberalism is merely Liberalism in disguise; Liberalism in its hypocritical phase, using fair and delusive words, and holding out false promises. Hypocrisy is indeed the condition of its acceptance in the first instance, and its special characteristic in its early stages. It is by this means that it has found entrance wherever it has established itself and taken root.

A striking instance is presented in Spain. Liberalism was there no spontaneous production, and no soil could possibly be more uncongenial to it than that Catholic land. It was an exotic, says the *Pensamiento Español*, transplanted thither in an evil hour to poison the atmosphere; the principles of the Liberalistic sect being, in fact, as much opposed to all the traditional notions and customs of the nation as to its faith. "If," says that journal, "Liberalism had presented itself in the Progressist guise, fierce and impious, Spain would have certainly rejected it; but the Moderates introduced it in the name of science and of social reforms, saying that what was good in the Revolution might be taken, and the bad rejected; and by this kind of language they deluded a number of incautious persons." No doubt, Spain was not then what once she had been. Although the mass of her population remained sound, the upper strata of society had not escaped the intellectual and moral contamination of the day. Hence, although the Liberal party was far from numerous in itself, it found a field for its operations in the deterioration prevalent amongst those classes who might have offered it an energetic resistance. Thus, an acquiescence, the fruit of an indifference and apathy of which the nation is now suffering the chastisement, gave it the appearance of a strength which it did not possess, and which it would have been shown not to possess, but for its plausible pretences and assumed moderation, which lulled fears to sleep, or furnished an excuse for

inaction. But when the ground was sufficiently prepared the Progressist made his appearance, "torch and pick-axe in hand," burning convents, plundering churches, and giving the full rein to all the instincts of Liberalism. Then Spain was alarmed, roused herself, and desired to show the world that she was Catholic, and resolved to remain so, by ejecting these impious men from her bosom. And she might easily have accomplished her desire, but once more she fell into the snare laid for her by the Moderates, who, affecting to blame the excesses of the advanced party, pushed themselves forward to restore order and effect a satisfactory compromise. They were the men who alone could do this: so they affirmed. We are Liberals, they said, but we are Catholics; we wish to concede what is required by the spirit of the age without refusing to God what belongs to him. Once more they were trusted, the destinies of Spain were again committed to their hands, and we see the result! This sort of game has been played over and over again; it is always continuing to be played under varying circumstances between the so-called Moderates and the Ultras; the former pretending that they are the only party who can possibly put a check on the latter, for whom they are always preparing the way and smoothing the ground.

If Liberalism be suffered to assume the sway it bids fair to obtain, the Revolution, in which it everywhere ultimately results, will be indeed terrible. It behooves us, therefore, to be the more sensitively alive to the danger, and to present a phalanx of consistent and united resistance to Liberalism in every form.

PARIS PICTURES DURING THE WAR.

I. Paris under a Cloud.

That waking up, about five o'clock on a summer morning, that lifting the human head, grown limp and almost pulpy with snatching uneasy sleep from cushions, and then seeing the outposts of Paris growing more and more crowded, is always the most welcome of impressions. The tall white houses, the factories, the bright smiling air of the whole, the rich solidity, all seem to proclaim that you are entering the finest city in Europe; very different from the huddled, dingy red and black brick purlieus which are our gentlemen ushers for a great English city. But one bright morning, not many days ago, when the panic of the enemy being at its gate was strong on the great city, it was curious to notice the change that has come over the approach to Paris, and to find ourselves flying by a great white chalk trench, that trailed off serpent-like far as the eye could see, and whose sides swarmed with what seemed little blue and white insects crawling thickly over it—the citizen blouses at work on the fortifications. Further on come the

familiar grass-covered mounds; but we see the new slices cut clean and neatly to make embrasures, and every embrasure has its clean new gun ready mounted and pointed.

Visit Paris as often as we will, and after driving down some mysterious back streets, emerge suddenly on the Boulevards, the gay and entrancing sight never loses its novelty. The trees, the glittering current always moving on, as if it were perpetually going round and round the rich background of house and palace, and gilt balconies; the kiosks, the colors of different costumes, the carriages that shine even to stickiness—there is nothing like it in any city. The Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, too, seem to strut by with pride, as if they knew they were on a stage, and the whole world were audience, and come to that theatre expressly to see them. But in these days of panic and mortification, the most stupid observer would see an utter change. The great crowd was gone, and those who walked had a sad air. They seemed like people in a dream, and who could not yet believe—and it was hard to expect them to do so—that Paris, the queen of the world, should be brought to this indignity.

Every one stops to look at something military, and something military and significant turns up for every one, every moment. Here go by, slowly, six great wagons, each drawn by what seem four cart-horses, whose traces are ropes, and who are ridden by very dilapidated soldiers. But this is the fashion of the French artillery, always in a rude dishabille. On these platforms recline, like nothing so much as huge seals, and looking as helpless, enormous unmounted cannon, all swollen at the breech, and very awkward customers indeed. We all stop to stare after these monsters, and the men in blouses, with trays on their heads and loads on their backs, begin to talk vehemently, and gesticulate wildly. Then a mounted dragoon spurs past as hard as he can gallop. Then three or four of the Free Shooters lounge by in their neat uniforms, surrounded by admiring friends, and a perspiring French gentleman in a white waistcoat, and carrying a most inconvenient amount of human figure within his waistcoat, provides them with cigars all round. This somehow seems to give fresh confidence, and the blouses again gesticulate, and laugh the distant Germans to scorn. Everywhere are men of the Garde Mobile in every stage of imperfect dress and accoutrement. Some have merely the red-bound képi, yet saunter along, their hands in their pockets under their blouses, as if they were already trained. Here are more, who have not even the képi, but who carry their tin can, and the sticks of the portable tent on their backs. Why they do this it would be hard to say. Now we hear a far-off roll of a drum, and see the glitter of half a regiment crossing past the Madeleine. Now we lounge into the court-yard of the Louvre, and there see a squad of men with complete uniforms, learning the Chassepot drill. A sergeant who has seen battles, thunders out his directions. He carries his own Chassepot, draws it back as if to meet a charge, and they do the same. Then he opens the breech-

loading part, takes an imaginary cartridge, and puts it in, clicks all home, and is faithfully imitated. An enormous crowd of women and men stand round, and, true to the French character, laugh at the awkward: the men laugh too. The officer walks round with a sad and rather weary air, very different from the pert and fussy officiousness usual on a peace parade. To me there was something very depressing in this spectacle, and in the laughter, which on the men's side, was hollow enough; for these soldiers thus hurried through drill were to be sent off in the morning to the front, and it was evident were being merely taught how to load and handle their weapons.

Never did Paris look so beautiful as at this moment, never was the air more balmy and delicious, the scene more enjoyable. The trees on the Boulevards still display their honors; the assiduous laying of the dust goes on; the ladies drive about in their Victorias. And yet there is a lurid and heated look over all, an indescribable restlessness and flutter, which even a stranger cannot help catching. Every one, too, is devouring newspapers that tell no news, and indeed are too often full of a childish rant and vaporing which would make one smile, if they were not mere ravings of over-excited brains.

II. Paris by Night.

Along the Boulevards the usual gay spectacle of Paris by night repeats itself. These real halls of dazzling light are, of course, peopled; but the crowd, the gay abandon, the self-satisfied enjoyment are gone. The times are too hard and serious for them. The theatres are nearly all closed; those open but half filled. In the face of disaster it is plain that the bourgeois cannot enjoy himself, or order his breakfasts and dinners—and exquisite pastime that was!—with the same unction as before. The enormous groups who gather every night near kiosks, who listen to an animated discussion on the war, and hear explained how Bazaine is to cut off the Prince Royal, as he is called, and how MacMahon will effect a masterly junction with him, and drive the invaders from the soil of France, are easily imposed on.

The Parisians may be excused for only half expecting the worst, for looking to junctions of Bazaine and MacMahon, and to consequent whirlwinds of French victory, recalling the days of Brunswick and of Dumouriez. Cruelly hoodwinked, shamefully kept in the dark, not only by those in authority, but even by their own press, an eager, impulsive people still flushed with the past glories of France, has not without reason, hoped too much and too long. It is extremely nonsensical,—the childish ravings, the utter froth of some of these Paris papers. You may buy them half a dozen times and never find a scrap of news; but, instead, paragraphs of wild, heated nonsense, with which the Paris reader is, unhappily, too ready to be content. I read to-day, "At last a great victory!" which is the success of the loan. "At Berlin they would tremble—Bismarck, the assassin, would shake in his shoes!" The favorite phrase is, "From day to day everything ameliorates." "The government is in possession of

news, which for strategical reasons it forbears to communicate." Or such twaddle as this: "Last night as the Sieur X was proceeding home, he was consternated to see his child—a ravishing little boy of six years old—seated on the steps in a miniature Garde Mobile cap. 'See, papa,' lisped the engaging child, 'how I have laid out grandpapa's present.' The father took him in his arms and could not refrain from tears. The bystanders testified their emotion at this touching spectacle." I see on the walls everywhere little manuscript notices from those who think it a suitable opportunity to make a little money out of their country. These gently offer themselves as substitutes in the most enticing terms. "An ancient militaire in retreat, who has served in the Crimea, will be willing to serve during the whole of the present war as substitute. Lowest sum, seventy-five pounds." Some ask a hundred pounds, some so low as twenty. "But this," as a bystander remarked, "was some old remnant, who would be dear at the money." On these little notices all sorts of impertinences offensive to the proposers are scrawled.

In this disastrous state of affairs we try and keep up our spirits by all the arts we know. This is done laboriously, and with never-flagging pains, but, somehow, it does not answer. The eternal Marseillaise is appealed to again and again, and a good deal of money and trouble is laid out upon this famous song and others of congenial spirit. Thus, in the White Cat, one of those prodigious spectacular efforts which last a whole night, a little boy comes on between the acts, with a wheezy, though shrill, voice, and, dressed in green tail-coat with white facings, gives The Volunteers of '92. He does it with spirit, and nearly cracks his little throat as he tramples imaginary invaders under his small boot, and shrieks about "le sol de not' patrie!" But the applause, though good-natured, is mild enough. The thoughtful part of the audience is, perhaps, beginning to see that there has been too much trust in these stage effects, and that they have small effect on invaders off the stage. So, too, when I look in at another great theatre, and find that the director of a certain London music hall has transferred his ballet to the French stage. Here, at ten o'clock, the curtain drew up, and discovered a glade where some forty or fifty glorious defenders of liberty—in song at least—appear, arranged in cocked-hats, and leggings, and breeches, standing in a long, gloomy, and certainly meaningless line. The bill promised us over a hundred, but there did not seem nearly so many. In their faces was written a stern determination not to allow "the soil of the country to be touched by the invader's foot," if hard singing could prevent it. A hectic-looking hero, dressed half like a sailor, half like a chief, stood ready, bearing what was really taken by many English present for a barber's pole, but which, on being unfurled, took shape honestly as a tricolor flag. In this gentleman's air was clearly business—and gloomy business too. Then a tremendous orchestra—strong in brass and drums—struck up Allons Enfans, &c. But the singer's voice was comparatively

feeble, his chest inferior, and out in the open air, where his lungs were supposed to encourage the flagging volunteers, would have been ineffective. The orchestra seemed to contain cannon, for the grosse caisse thundered terrifically at Aux Armes, and, indeed, the whole scoring was very unconventional and spirited. At the third verse he, of course, took the flag from a bystander, and with it did wonderful business—now holding it aloft, now carrying it on his shoulder like a gun, and letting the bunting float behind him as a background. Yet the whole fell flat. The audience did not leap to its feet, and though the claque worked hard in the gallery, the encore that followed was of a humiliating sort—an encore from the stage. Again, looking in, on a lovely balmy night, at those pleasant concert cafés in the Elysian Fields, where, afar off, through the trees blazes the brilliant stage, and the notes of a singer float to us with wonderful distinctness; a young lady gives En Avant to a spirited marching tune, which ought, at least, to have set every foot in the place moving. But, no. There are a couple of hundred volunteers present, in caps and blouses, all placed together by the administration, and most likely admitted free, but their applause is very faint indeed. It must be owned that the administration everywhere is very indulgent and patriotic; and at the great theatres I see a good-natured director taking up some of the soldiers, who are in bad places in the parterre, into choice and select berths in the boxes. Poor souls! all this is like providing a good breakfast for the condemned criminal.

To come home about midnight after the play is over has some dramatic points. The cafés are about closing, so the country's health cannot be drunk any more. But in the distance we hear the cracked voices of roysterers, trying to yell the national hymn, and we presently find that these disturbers consist of a select party of four. No one joins in, many turn away as if bored by the whole thing.

III. Paris at Prayers.

But in all this fanfare, and dressing-up for the stage, if we should wish to come upon a bit of genuine nature, let us cross this noisy place in front of the Exchange, where Mammon reigns, and where on the steps of that fine building a screaming as of ravens and vultures mounts to the sky. Then down this dark, old-fashioned street to the right, past that great archway, whence in old days the huge diligence of Lafitte used to emerge. Here, at the end of the street, is a great old-fashioned church, that of Our Lady of Victories. All day long, from morning till night, the open space in front is crowded with carriages; all day long, and all night long, the stream of people is pouring in and pouring out. Inside it is a huge antique interior, with enormous oil-paintings hung round. But the altar and all about the altar is ablaze with votive candles, and here are praying—oh, how earnestly!—the mothers and sisters of Paris. Nothing more touching can be imagined. That pale small face, of the regular French lady type, the black silk, the shawl wrapped round, eyes uplifted, hands clasped, all turned to that image of

Our Lady of Victories, the patroness to whom so many a soldier has put up his prayers. Here, too, unusual sight, is many a Frenchman, and, stranger still, many a French officer. They have sons, perhaps, in Metz. Every inch of the walls of the church is incrusted with small marble tablets, literally in thousands, each with an inscription of acknowledgment for some prayer heard or favor received. There is something very pathetic in the warmth of gratitude in nearly all these little offerings, which mostly relate to war. "For my husband, preserved to me during the Crimean war." Every hour of the day it is the same; the silent quick entry, the flinging oneself down on one's knees, the earnest agonized entreaty of a few minutes, the quiet withdrawal. Amid all the clamor and excitement of poor Paris, how beautiful, how touching a scene.! Who could witness it without a tear? Who can hear of it without a sigh?

CHASTENED.

My soul was stricken on a summer day
With sudden sickness in her bloom and pride,
And through the length of all that year she lay,
Feeble, sore-smitten, trusting to have died.
She rose not up to see the reapers pass,
To lay their sickles in the yellow wheat;
Nor did she move when winter trod the grass
And flowers, to nothingness with icy feet.
But when the spring-time ruled the land again,
Mysterious yearnings in my spirit woke,
New energies endowed her heart and brain,
And she essayed to break her sorrow's yoke,
And said to it, "Thy rule is my disgrace,
I have been blind, now will I see thy face."

Then rose the grief that long had ruled my soul,
And these two struggled for the mastery;
But God had made my spirit's vision whole,
While grief was veiled, and might not plainly see.
Then sprang my spirit conquering and free,
To draw the veil from off the dreaded face,
And lo! the face was marvellous to see,
Divine: an angel's; full of awful grace.
"God sent me," said the angel, "unto thee,
A chastening rod, for loving-kindness' sake,
And if thou choose to hold me, I will be
A staff for leaning when all others break."
"I take thee," said my soul. "Of no true worth
Is life without thee. Walk with me henceforth."

PRECIOUS STONES.

Possibly the commercial value of color was never exemplified in a stronger manner than in the matter of precious stones. Indeed, jewels often depend upon their tint only for their names and value; the same identically composed precious stone being either an amethyst or a piece of rock crystal, an oriental topaz or a ruby, by the addition or absence of a small portion of mineral pigment of different hue. Thus, a piece of rock crystal is comparatively valueless, whilst an emerald is one of the most costly of jewels; a ruby again is even more valuable than a diamond, whilst the topaz is of very inferior value. Even the faintest flush of color often gives a value to the diamond which is far beyond its worth when pure—an instance this of the value of adulteration. To illustrate this fact it is stated that a diamond, the worth of which uncolored would have been (from its weight) only $110, was lately sold for $1500, in consequence of possessing a vivid green tint.

Although the diamond is not really the most valuable of jewels, yet as it is supposed to have precedence of all other gems, we shall speak of it first. Possibly, however, its commercial value is most constant of all jewels, as it is the subject of investment to a greater extent than any other. In times of commotion, kings or princes and the wealthy—generally subject to suffer from sweeping changes—look upon diamonds as their best friends, their passports, in fact, to the attention of the foreigner. What pemmican is to meat precious stones are to value. They are the concentrated essence of wealth—a king's ransom in the compass of a marble. Nations, civilized and only semi-civilized, believe in this currency; it is a circular note that the bearer never need fear will be dishonored in whatever quarter of the globe he may happen to be. Diamonds, and other precious stones, however, like gold, are liable to fluctuate in value according to the laws of supply and demand, like the meanest article of commerce. A revolution brings forth these "flowers of the mineral kingdom," as they have been poetically termed; at first a number of them are thrown upon the market, and they decline in value in consequence. An example of this occurred in the revolution of 1848. In all cases where civil commotions are of long continuance, however, and causes of fear are prolonged, they gradually rise again in value until they reach exorbitant prices. In the great revolution of 1789, for instance, diamonds rose to a famine price, and up to the termination of our late civil war, they were gradually becoming more valuable in this country.

The diamond, like most other jewels, is found generally in granite gneiss, and in torrents of rivers, distributed over the whole world; but they are mainly to be found in tropical countries. It would seem that where the sun shines with the greatest splendor, where the vegetable and the animal creation put on their most gorgeous colors, there also in the depths of the earth the vivid lustre of this gem shines the

brightest, and assumes the largest proportions. The mines under ground bloom as gorgeously as the flowers above. The diamond, as we all know, is composed of pure carbon crystallized, and is the hardest known substance. Indeed, this quality, upon which much of its value depends, has in many instances been the cause of its destruction, the old rude test of its genuineness being to place it upon an anvil, and to strike it forcibly with a hammer, the idea being that, if pure, it would rather break the hammer or bury itself in the anvil, than split. Of course many valuable diamonds have been destroyed by this ignorant trial in times past. The diamond is by no means always colorless. It is sometimes yellow, red, pink, brown, green, black, and opalescent; the admixture of color depending in some cases upon a metallic oxide. The Indian diamond appears to be the most prized in the market. Newton, from its great power of refracting and dispersing light, when compared with glass, came to the conclusion that it was combustible; a scientific forecast, which Lavoisier verified by burning it in oxygen, and obtaining as a result carbonic acid. Although our analysis of this gem is perfect, all efforts have failed to construct it; indeed, chemistry is wholly at fault to produce artificially any of the precious gems, with the exception of the ruby, small specimens of which have actually been produced in the laboratory. The diamond is split easily with the grain; but it is upon the tact and judgment with which it is cut and polished that much of its value depends. The English were at one time famous as gem cutters; but the art is now wholly lost among them, and most of the fine gems are now intrusted to Dutch Jews. The gem is cut upon a wheel smeared with diamond dust—the only material that effectually touches it—and it is polished in the same manner, a steel disk being employed for the purpose, smeared with fine powder, and revolving at a great speed by means of steam power. At the present time the most fashionable form is the double cut, which presents a great number of facets, rendering the flash of the gem very brilliant. The table cut, such as we find in old diamonds, is much less sparkling, as it has a very much less number of facets, and a great expansion of table or flat upper surface. The Indian diamond-cutters leave as much of the gem as possible when cutting; an instance of this was seen in the Great Exhibition of 1851, where the Koh-i-noor was exhibited, in which the cutting followed apparently the original outline of the stone. Its weight was then 186 carats. In the intervals between this and the last Exhibition it was, after much consultation, given into the hands of M. Coster, of Amsterdam, who recut it with such skill that, although it lost in the process 80 carats, it yet appeared quite as large, and was transferred at once into a blaze of light. When diamonds are found difficult to split, without fear of great loss, they are sometimes sawn with fine wires, fitted into a saw-bow, and anointed with diamond powder and olive oil. Rose-cut diamonds are now coming much into fashion, as they are very brilliant in appearance at a very

small expense of stone. It is really wonderful the delicacy with which these gems are cut, considering the smallness of their size; as many as fifteen hundred having been known to weigh only one carat.

The larger diamonds, from their great value, have all some extraordinary history. As a rule, like the stormy petrel, their appearance in the market in numbers is an indication of a storm. Their portability makes them the companion of royal fugitives, and more than one brilliant of value has witnessed bloody and tragical scenes. The Koh-i-noor, for instance, has changed hands in many of the convulsions that occurred in India. It was seized at the conquest of Delhi by Ala ed Din, and subsequently came into the possession of the Sultan Baber, the Great Mogul, in 1526; it continued in the possession of this line of princes until Aurungzebe intrusted it to a European to reset it. This he did, but so unskilfully that it was reduced from 793 carats to 186 carats—the size, in fact, it appeared in the Great Exhibition of 1851 in London. The Emperor refused to pay the workman for the destruction of his jewel, and we think it speaks well for Aurungzebe, as Indian Emperors went, that he did not take off his head at once. It afterwards fell into the hands of the great conqueror Nadir Shah, was passed on in his line, and finally it came into English possession at the capture of Lahore, and was presented by the British troops to the Queen, with whose family it will remain, we suppose, until some future conqueror seizes it to set in the crown of some empire yet to arise in the New World. The Cumberland diamond, of the value of $50,000, was presented to the Duke of Cumberland by the City of London after he had transferred the burghers from the Stuart dynasty at Culloden. We fancy the city would have kept their money had they foreseen that it would ultimately pass to the treasury of the King of Hanover. The Orloff diamond, set in the sceptre of the Czar of Russia, weighs 194¼ carats, and possesses a most romantic history. It is said to have formed one of the eyes of an idol in a Brahmin temple, and to have been set in the peacock throne of Nadir Shah. It was stolen by a Frenchman, and ultimately fell into the possession of the Empress Catherine II. The Regent, or Pitt diamond, was so called from having been purchased by the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, of Pitt, the Governor of Fort St. George. Scandal said that the Governor stole it. It is certain, however, that it was purloined from the Garde Mobile, in 1792, but was restored in a very mysterious manner. It was afterwards set in the pommel of the sword of the Emperor Napoleon I. The Florentine diamond, now in the possession of the Emperor of Austria, is said to have been one of three lost in the battle of Granson, by Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. It was found by a Swiss soldier, and sold by him for one florin. It afterwards came into the possession of Pope Julius II, who presented it to the Emperor of Austria. The Sancy diamond's history is still more curious. It was actually taken from the body of the Duke of Burgundy, and found its way in 1489 to Baron de Sancy, who sent

it as a present to the King of Portugal. The servant by whom it was being conveyed was attacked by robbers, when he swallowed the stone, and after his death it was found in his body. James the Second afterwards possessed it, and he sold it to Louis XIV. It disappeared in the French Revolution, but turned up again, which the renowned blue diamond, by the by, never did, and was purchased by Napoleon I, who again sold it to Prince Demidoff. The Nassak diamond, of 78⅝ carats, was taken by the Marquis of Hastings at the conquest of Deccan. The Hope diamond is of a sapphire blue, and since the great French diamond was lost it is considered the most unique gem of its kind in existence. In the Russian treasury there is a brilliant red diamond of ten carats, and at Dresden there is a green diamond of 48½ carats, that once belonged to Augustus the Strong.

The value of diamonds has considerably increased of late years, and as the wealth of the country goes on augmenting, it is likely to increase still further. Brilliants go on increasing in value as they increase in size in an extraordinary degree. Thus, a brilliant of one carat is worth $90; of two carats, $325; of three carats, $625; of four carats, $1100; of ten carats, $1600. Beyond this weight they become fancy articles, and, of course, fancy prices are demanded for them.

The most valuable of all jewels, however, is the ruby. This precious stone depends upon its color, as we have said before, for its value. The ruby, sapphire and oriental topaz are composed of identically the same materials; the red sapphire is a ruby, the blue ruby a sapphire, the yellow ruby a topaz. They are all termed Corundums, an Indian name. The ruby is the next hardest thing in nature after the diamond. The finest rubies are found in the kingdom of Ava, and in Siam; they are also found in Ceylon, and in many parts of Europe.

The King of Birmah takes one of his titles from it, that of "Lord of the Rubies." In Burmah they are a royal monopoly, and none of any value are allowed by law to leave the kingdom. The finding of a fine ruby is made a state event, and a procession of grandees, with soldiers and elephants, are sent out to meet it. The color varies from pale rose to deep red, but the tint that is most highly valued is that of the "pigeon's blood."

Of old, many magical properties were assigned to the ruby. It was considered an amulet against poison, plague, evil thoughts, and wicked spirits, and its possession, as a consequence, kept the wearer in health. When he was in danger it was supposed to darken, and to become bright again only on the passing away of peril. One of the largest rubies in Europe is a French crown jewel, once adorning the order of the Golden Fleece. The Queen exhibited two stones said to be rubies, in the Exhibition of 1862, but Mr. Henry Emanuel, in his work on Precious Stones, asserts that they are nothing more than spinels, a spurious kind of ruby of little value. The King of Burmah is said to have one in his possession of the size of a pigeon's egg. A true "pigeon's blood" tinted ruby of one carat is worth from $70 to $100; of two carats, from $350 to

$400; and of four carats, from $2000 to $2250, which latter value is more than double that of a diamond of the same weight. As we have before said, small rubies have been made by chemists artificially, but never gems of any size. Now, as small rubies are plentiful in nature, it is very doubtful whether it will pay to make them, even upon a manufacturing scale.

The sapphire, although composed of identically the same elements, with the exception of the coloring matter, is of far less value than the ruby. The color often varies much in the same stone, some portions of the gem being very nearly black, whilst the other is of a light blue. The clever lapidary can correct this by cutting away all the black part, excepting a small spot reserved for the cutlet, or small, fine flattened point underneath. When looked at through the table, or broad upper surface of the gem, this point of dark blue gives by refraction a beautiful azure lustre to the jewel. The ancients used to call all blue stones sapphires, just as they called all red ones either rubies or carbuncles. The sapphire is invested by earlier writers with rare virtues, of course. It was said to be such an enemy to poison that, if put into a glass with a spider or other venomous reptile, it would kill it; and a great many other virtues were attributed to it we need scarcely mention. The value of this gem does not, like that of the diamond or the ruby, increase with its size, although in smaller sizes it is even dearer than those brilliants, one of one carat of pure color being worth $100. These gems are liable to be imitated so closely as to deceive the best jewellers. Mr. Emanuel tells us, for instance, that "a noble lady in England formerly possessed one which is, perhaps, the finest known. The lady, however, sold it during her lifetime, and replaced it by an imitation so skilfully made as to deceive even the jeweller who valued it for probate duty, and it was estimated at the sum of $50,000, and the legacy duty was paid on it by the legatee, who was doubtless chagrined when he discovered the deception." We have no doubt whatever that many other noble ladies have from "impecuniosity" substituted sham for real jewels with the like impunity; such is the faith we put in station, that even glass—seen through the sublime medium which surrounds a duchess—shines like an emerald of the purest water. Both the oriental amethyst and the oriental emerald, which are varieties of corundum, are very rare; the green variety, or oriental emerald, indeed, is so curious that Mr. Emanuel, with all his vast experience, says that he has only seen it once in his lifetime.

The cat's eye jewel we are told, is becoming fashionable, being considered in India—and, what is more strange, even in Europe—lucky. We wonder at nothing in the shape of superstition; and can quite understand that a gem of this kind only lately was purchased by a nobleman for one thousand pounds. The topaz is now little sought after. The colorless ones are termed Nova Mina, or slave diamonds; those of light blue are termed Brazilian sapphires; those of a greenish hue are termed aquamarine; and the Brazilian ruby is the artificially obtained pink or rose-colored topaz.

It is often obtained in large masses. In one of the cases in the British Museum there is a mass of white topaz that for many years was used as a door-weight by a marine store dealer. In London a very fine stone can at the present time be bought for a few shillings.

The emerald and the beryl have the same chemical composition, and differ only in color. The finest colored emeralds are found in New Grenada, in limestone rock. It is also found in Salzburg and in Siberia. The Spaniards, it is asserted, came into possession of many hundred weight of emeralds when they conquered Peru, hence their value fell in the middle ages. Orientals, especially the Mohammedans, we should say, set great store upon the emerald, believing that it imparts courage to the owner, that it is an infallible preservative of chastity, and that the safety of women in childbirth is insured by it. Like many other gems, the ancients ascribe many medicinal properties to it when ground down. The emerald is but rarely found perfect, and when perfect, it ranks next in value to the ruby. Perfect gems are worth from $100 to $200 the carat; but they do not, like the diamond or ruby, advance in price with the size. There are many large emeralds in Europe. There is one in the Austrian treasury weighing 2000 carats, and the Duke of Devonshire possesses one weighing nine ounces. The value of the beryl or aquamarine is trifling. It is said that an enormous beryl was found in this country weighing five tons. It is used in Birmingham, England, for imitation jewelry. The garnet, again, has many varieties, and is scattered over the whole globe; when cut tablewise and "tallow topped," as it is termed, or convex and smooth at the top, and flat at the bottom, it is termed a carbuncle.

There are a large number of what may be termed valuable, rather than precious stones, which belong to the quartz system. Among these are amethyst, cairngorm, onyx, sardonyx, carnelian, chalcedony, agate, jasper, bloodstone, rock crystal. Rock crystal has been used in the arts from the most remote times. It is found in large crystals sometimes, and is scattered all over the world. There is a specimen in the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, measuring three feet in diameter, and weighing 800 pounds. It is used by opticians for the lenses of spectacles, and in India it is hollowed into cups and goblets of amazing thinness and beauty. The Chinese, the Japanese and the Egyptians also use it for ornamental purposes. Like most precious stones, it is very cold, and the Japanese make balls of it to cool the hands. In old goldsmith's work crystal is often introduced, and as it was considered that it would turn color if poison came near it, cups and goblets of it were often used of it by the great, who went in fear of death in this shape. The onyx and sardonyx have long been used for cameos, and the value of the material is vastly enhanced by the art that is sometimes employed upon them. Some of the ancient cameos are very valuable. The art of engraving upon these stones has latterly vastly improved; a taste has sprung up for fine cameos, and some very creditable engravings have been made.

The iridescent wondrous-tinted

opal, we are told, is nothing but quartz and water. There are several kinds of opals, the chief of which are the precious or "noble" opal used by jewellers, the fire or reddish opal, the common opal, and the Mexican opal. When the different tints in an opal are distributed evenly over its surface, it is known in the trade as Harlequin. This is a rude way of designating the exquisite blending of hues which make this jewel so beautiful. The iridescence is owing to minute lines on the surface of the gem, which decompose the light, just in the same manner as they do in mother-o'-pearl. Steel buttons used to be engraved with very minute lines to produce the same effect. The flashes of color in this precious stone are always most marked in a warm day; the knowledge that heat enhances the brilliancy of the stone always leads the dealer to hold it in his hand for some time before showing it to his customer. Mr. Emanuel, referring to the fact that a Mexican opal loses its beauty when exposed to water,—from the fact, we suppose, that the water fills up the fine lines in it, and prevents the decomposition of the reflected light into its primitive elements,—says that Sir Walter Scott having in "Anne of Geierstein" ascribed this fact to supernatural agency, the stone came to be considered unlucky, and they consequently went out of fashion! We are willing enough to believe in the folly of fashion, and in the amount of superstition afloat, especially in the upper circles, but we think the fall in the value of opals can scarcely be ascribed to such a cause as this. They are now again in fashion, however, and are likely to continue so; for in addition to the singular beauty of the gem, they are, we are told, the only precious stones which defy imitation. Fine opals are very valuable; as much as $5000 has been given for a large stone for a ring or brooch. The ancients prized them very highly; and Pliny relates that Nonnius, a Roman Senator, was sent into exile by Marcus Antonius, because he would not part with an opal of the size of a filbert, and valued at $850,000, which the latter coveted. The finest known opal is in the Museum at Vienna, said to be worth $150,000. There is also a very fine one among the French Crown Jewels.

The opal reminds us somewhat of the pearl, a gem—if we may term a simple excrescence by that name—which has always been held in high estimation by mankind. The finest pearls come from the pearl-fisheries at Ceylon. They are found in the shell of a large species of oyster; and it is believed, with much show of reason, that they are nothing more than some foreign body which finds its way into the shell, and which the fish covers with a secretion similar to that with which it lines its shell. A pearl, when sawn through, shows that this secretion has been deposited in layers, one upon another, round some central body, just in the same manner in which layers of phosphate are deposited in the human kidney round some foreign body, and resulting in the calculus or stone.

The Chinese, with singular ingenuity, have taken advantage of the method of action on the part of the pearl-oyster, and have for ages been in the habit of inserting small objects inside its shell, in order to in-

sure their being covered with a pearly secretion. Small idols are thus coated, but the secretion is not the true pearl secretion, but a similar substance to the mother-of-pearl. Besides the Ceylon fisheries, there are some in the Persian Gulf and in Borneo. The pearl fisheries at one time occupied a large number of men, but now the diving-bell is employed, and their occupation is gone. Independently of the labor of diving to the bottom of the sea, and remaining there sufficiently long to gather a hundred oysters from the bottom, where the pressure of the water is so great that the divers often came up with blood issuing from their noses and ears, there was great danger from sharks. Indeed, in such fear were the divers from these enemies, that they would not dive unless the shark charmers were present and mumbling their incantations whilst they were at work. The pearl was anciently considered a preservative of virtue, although Cleopatra certainly did not dissolve hers with that intent. Although the pearl will dissolve in a strong acid, it is needless to say that vinegar is far too weak to produce such an effect. It is a pity to be obliged to demolish such a pretty story, but the truth must be told. The oriental pearl is just as much prized now as in ancient times. The charming harmony it has with a delicate skin has always made the necklace of this material so much valued. It used to be one of the boasts of the famous Lady Hester Stanhope, that water could run beneath her instep without wetting the sole of her foot, and that her pearl necklace could not at a little distance be detected upon her neck. Among the famous pearls existing at the present day is one belonging to the Shah of Persia, valued at $300,000. Queen Victoria was presented with a fine necklace by the East India Company, and the one possessed by the Empress of the French is famous. In Europe the pearl is not considered to be perfect unless it is of pure white, slightly transparent, and either perfectly round or drop-shaped. In China and India, however, they are preferred of a bright yellow color. In North America and the West Indies the pearls have a pink color; and the Panama pearls have a metallic lustre something like the hue of quicksilver. Black-lead colored pearls are much prized by some persons. We are told that pearls cannot be imitated with success, but those who remember the case of pearls in the Great London Exhibition of 1862, will remember that real pearl necklaces were exhibited side by side with imitation pearls, and the best judges were deceived. Those who possess fine pearls should remember that they are liable to be discolored by contact with acids and gas, and noxious vapors of all kinds. This is the reason that the chandeliers in Her Majesty's theatre, in London, were supplied with wax candles, and that in all the halls of the aristocracy there gas is never to be seen, ladies' beauty, as well as their pearls, not being improved by its powerful light.

There are numbers of valuable stones and substances which are not so rare as to come under the denomination of precious. Thus, lapis lazuli is found in such masses as to be used in the adornment of

furniture. This stone used to be far more valuable than at present, as the finer tints were ground to make the costly color ultramarine. But chemists have found out the means of producing this color artificially at a very small cost. Malachite, again, is used for vases, &c., by the Russians. The doors of this material in the London Exhibition of 1851 will be remembered for their brilliant green color. Jade, again, seems to be in especial favor in Japan. Amber used to be fashionable, but it is now wholly gone out, except for mouth-pieces to pipes. It is still used in oriental countries for the adorning of various articles of furniture. Amber is a resinous gum, and is found principally on the shores of the Baltic, swept there chiefly from the exudations of the pine forests on its borders. Coral is another material, the dark rich variety of which has latterly been in little demand. In our youth we remember that the only color ever seen was that of the lip, a deep red; now the run is all upon the delicate pink tint, the color of the rose-leaf. A large drop of this color is worth from $150 to $200, and even the smaller pieces are worth from $600 to $750 the ounce. There are white, yellow, and black varieties of coral, but they are of little value.

Mr. Emanuel, in his book on precious stones, gives some very valuable hints touching the means of ascertaining the identity of gems. As a rule, he says, stones, either cut or rough, which can be touched by the file, are not precious stones. Again, he says, it is a very common practice to deceive persons by cementing a genuine stone on the top of a piece of glass, or a valuable gem, as the sapphire for instance, with a piece of garnet. They are so artistically formed that it is difficult to detect them. We are told again that passengers by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers are often taken in by the natives at Colombo, with blue and other colored stone cut in facets, and imported from Birmingham as doublets. False pearls, as a rule, are always larger than real ones; the holes which in real pearls are drilled very small and sharp, in mock pearls are larger, and have a black edge. Sham pearls are also much lighter than real ones, and much more brittle. There is a trick, too, in the setting of gems which is worth knowing. When jewels are set "open," the interior of the setting is enamelled or painted to throw a tinge of color into the gem, and where the diamond is in question, and it has a yellow color, the inside of the setting is often of polished silver to correct this objectionable color. In the matter of pearls again, it often happens that these are somewhat different in color, which is easily perceptible when viewed separately. But when strung together they so reflect the light one upon the other, that these differences of tint are lost. The moral is, that when buying a pearl necklace, the purchaser should cut the string and examine each bead separately. As we cannot imagine any of our readers making such purchases upon their own judgment, this advice seems superfluous, as a professed valuer of gems would be pretty certain to make this precaution.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BALMES' FUNDAMENTAL PHILOSOPHY. Translated from the Spanish. By H. F. BROWNSON, M. A. 2 vols. 1871. New York: D. & J. Sadlier. Received through P. F. Cunningham, Philadelphia.

Modern false philosophy addresses its countless readers in their native language, whilst Catholic philosophy refutes it in Latin. The result is, that for one who can read and understand the refutation, hundreds can learn the error. Hume and Hobbes wrote in English; Voltaire and Condillac in French; Kant, Shelling, Fichte, and Spinoza in German. Aware of this advantage Balmes wrote his admirable work in the vernacular, and its popularity attests the wisdom he showed in selecting, as a medium of communicating the rich treasures of Christian philosophy, the language which all his countrymen could understand.

Latin, of course, as Bacon says, is the language everywhere spoken in the kingdom of science, and by its means philosophers, and men of science in general, may hold communion. To its keeping the richest treasures of the ancient mediæval and modern mind have been intrusted. But philosophy in our day is called from the quiet of the schools to remove those errors which a false teacher, under her name, has spread among the thoughtless and unwary multitude. Such is the prevalence of naturalism, rationalism, sensism, and pantheism, that far-sighted Catholic theologians predict that in the course of a quarter of a century the Church will have to deal almost exclusively with errors that turn on philosophical questions. This prediction is confirmed by the action of the Vatican Council, whose first dogmatic constitution is mainly taken up with definitions on the province of reason in its relation to faith.

We would, therefore, encourage the widest diffusion among all classes of sound Catholic philosophical works, particularly those which treat on the errors of the times. The number of such books is, unfortunately, very limited, and this scarcity enhances the value of Brownson's translation of Balmes' able treatise.

Sadlier's new edition is excellently printed and bound.

HENDRICK CONSCIENCE'S SHORT TALES. 8 vols. 12mo. Baltimore: Murphy.

It is a popular delusion that all books for the young are equally good; that if a story about Little Willie and Mary and her Lamb has a pretty binding and plenty of pictures it needs no other excellencies. The simple consideration of the fact that children are as credulous as they are imitative should suffice to dispel such a delusion. Excepting parental example, there is no influence which leaves a deeper impression on the mind of youth than the ideal presented to their imagination in the story books which they read. Give a boy only the "child's tales" which flood the country, and which, we are ashamed to say, are mainly the work of Protestant clergymen, and he will get the idea that the sole aim of man's existence is the acquisition of wealth, station, or fame. Another class of tales have for their hero a lad who runs away to sea, passes through a number of hairbreadth escapes, eventually returns to his native village, generally with an immense fortune, and ends his days in recounting his exploits to a group of wondering urchins. We have another kind of stories, "moral tales written expressly for the young," by some pious Protestant dame or preacher; but as these describe impossible children, and the young can neither be coaxed nor compelled to read them, they do no harm.

Catholic books for children are, as a rule, unexceptionable. When a writer is impressed with the Catholic idea of life and its destiny, and feels some of that love with which the Church cherishes Christ's little ones, he unconsciously infuses into his story the spirit of her teaching. If he wishes to write a purely didactic tale, he may model his hero after one of those boy-saints, who united in their beautiful character all the grace

and sweetness of youthful innocence and simplicity, with the grandeur and heroism of exalted sanctity. He may interweave with his story those charming legends of the Infant Christ and His Mother, which deeply affect the youthful soul, yet bearing the dew of baptismal water, and quickly opening to holy influences.

Of all Catholic story writers, not even excepting Hans Christian Andersen, Hendrick Conscience has best blended these two elements. In the web of his homeliest and most practical tales there are interwoven bright threads of poetry and romance. Replete with fancy, nature, pathos, humor, simplicity, they always breathe the spirit of true Catholic piety. As an English writer well remarks, the characteristics of his works "are a hearty sincere appreciation and love of the simple life in all its forms; a genial sympathy with its occupations, its joys and sorrows; a recognition of its dignity, and an earnest reverent treatment of all its conditions." Place his stories in the hands of the children, and they will rise from the perusal with noble views of their duties, with minds stored with pleasant images, and hearts inspired with the resolve to imitate the virtues and avoid the vices which the story so powerfully portrays.

The Vatican Council and its Definitions. A Pastoral Letter. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. 12mo., pp. 252. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. Received through Cunningham.

Dr. Manning's letter is a valuable contribution to ecclesiastical history. It relates the external and internal history of the Vatican Council, and closes with a fine analysis and vindication of the two dogmatic constitutions: "De fide Catholica et de Ecclesia Christi."

Meditations on St. Joseph. By Bro. Phillippe. 12mo., pp. 336. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. Received through Cunningham.

Now that St. Joseph is honored as the patron of the Universal Church, all the faithful ought to cherish for him a special veneration. These "Meditations" are admirably calculated to inspire such devotion. We trust, however, that in a subsequent edition of the book theological terminology will be more strictly attended to.

Prayers and Ceremonies of the Mass. By Very Rev. I. T. Sullivan. 12mo., pp. 333. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. Received through Cunningham.

Father Sullivan has given us a complete and most interesting treatise on the Eucharistic Sacrifice. The preliminary chapters contain an able disquisition on the nature and purpose of sacrifice in general, and on the character of the Sacrifice of the Mass in particular. The remaining portion of the work is devoted to the explanation of the liturgy, and the symbolism of altar ornaments, priestly vestments, &c.

New Edition of the Holy Bible. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. Received through Cunningham.

The costly and exquisite binding of Sadlier's new edition of the Bible suggests the "cunning and goodly workmanship" of the jewelled case in which the original manuscript of the Septuagint was preserved.

Fifty Catholic Tracts on Various Subjects. First Series. New York: Catholic Publication Society. Received through Cummiskey.

We are pleased to see these short popular papers brought together in book form. Father Hecker's idea in publishing the tracts has been fully realized. Keen, pithy, logical, and written in popular everyday speech, they directly address the people. We are assured that they have removed more anti-Catholic prejudice, and made more converts, than more pretentious essays. Catholics should deem it a duty to spread the circulation of these and all other publications of the Society.

Destiny; or the Priest's Blessing. By D. Flynn. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1871.

The scene of this interesting story is laid in Ireland in the early part of the present century, when the storm of Eng-

lish persecution had subsided into gusts of petty tyranny and annoyance. A worthy Irish gentleman is debarred, by his Catholic faith, from all avenues to worldly fortune or success, and after a series of unavailing endeavors to better his lot, dies in extreme indigence. His widow, who appears to be of an irresolute and timid nature, is forced by stress of circumstances to receive aid from a Protestant minister, who prevails upon her to abandon her Catholic religion and to accept at once his hand and doctrines. The hero of the story is her son by her former husband. The boy is educated a Protestant, and on arriving at manhood chooses the military profession, enters the British army then engaged in the Napoleonic wars. He is taken prisoner by pirates, but in company with two fellow-prisoners succeeds in overcoming the pirate crew. Whilst steering the ship to an English port the three, "to while away the tedious hours," tell a number of excellent stories, the principal one being "The Priest's Blessing."

THE "OUR FATHER." Being Illustrations of the Several Petitions of the Lord's Prayer. Translated from the German of Veith, by Rev. E. Cox, D.D. Boston: Donahoe. 1871. 12mo., pp. 307. Received through Cummiskey.

In addition to his own thoughtful exposition of the Lord's Prayer the learned author has enriched his book with the beautiful Commentaries of the Fathers. As an instance of the completeness of this treatise, we may remark that twelve pages are devoted to the explanation and illustration of the word "Amen."

THE CATECHISM. Illustrated by passages from Holy Scripture. By Rev. J. B. BAGSHAWE. Boston: Donahoe. 1871. 12mo., pp. 176.

A valuable feature of this Catechism is its containing, in the shape of a margin, copious illustrations, texts, and examples from the Scriptures in proof of the Catholic doctrine unfolded in the Catechism.

THE GREEN ISLAND. A Tale for Youth. By A. F. P. KIRBY. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1870. Pp. 195.

The plan and treatment of this story was evidently suggested by St. Bernard's *memorare*, as it sets forth the efficacy of the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, in a simple, unpretending, yet forcible manner. The character of an Indian boy, who proposes questions about Catholic truths, is beautifully drawn.

THE YOUNG SODALIST'S COMPANION; OR PRAYERS AND PRACTICES IN HONOR OF THE HOLY ANGELS. By a Catholic Clergyman. Approved by Rt. Rev. Bishop Wood. Gillin & McGuigan, Philadelphia.

This is a neat little Sodality Manual, brought out expressly for Sodalities, of the Holy Angels, and contains the Office, Prayers, Practices, and Hymns in honor of the Holy Angels. In a country like this, where so many youths are almost daily lost to the Church, too great care cannot be taken to keep our children from dangerous occasions, and inspire them with a love for our holy religion. Associations like the Sodality of the Holy Angels are, in our opinion, an excellent means of keeping children united, and of inspiring them with a love for pious practices. The volume before us is intended especially for Sodalities of this kind, and has been brought out in a handsome and durable muslin binding, at the exceedingly low price of $10 per hundred copies. We cheerfully recommend it to the Reverend Clergy and the Heads of Sodalities as an excellent Manual for the Sodality of the Holy Angels.

LEISURE HOURS; A SELECTION OF SHORT POEMS AND MISCELLANEOUS SCRAPS. By JOHN A. LANIGAN. Published by the Author.

Most of these poems evidence a delicate fancy and descriptive powers of a high order. The pictures of Nova Scotian life and scenery are charming, and calculated to astonish those of us who are wont to associate with that country all that is bleak and cheerless. The poem entitled "Midnight Mass in Montreal Chapel" is composed in dactylic measure, and, in our judgment, is equal to many passages in Longfellow's "Evangeline."

An extended Review of Archbishop Spalding's Works will shortly appear.